



THE NATIONAL POLICE JOURNAL

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THE OLDEST ILLUSTRATED WEEKLY. ESTABLISHED 1868

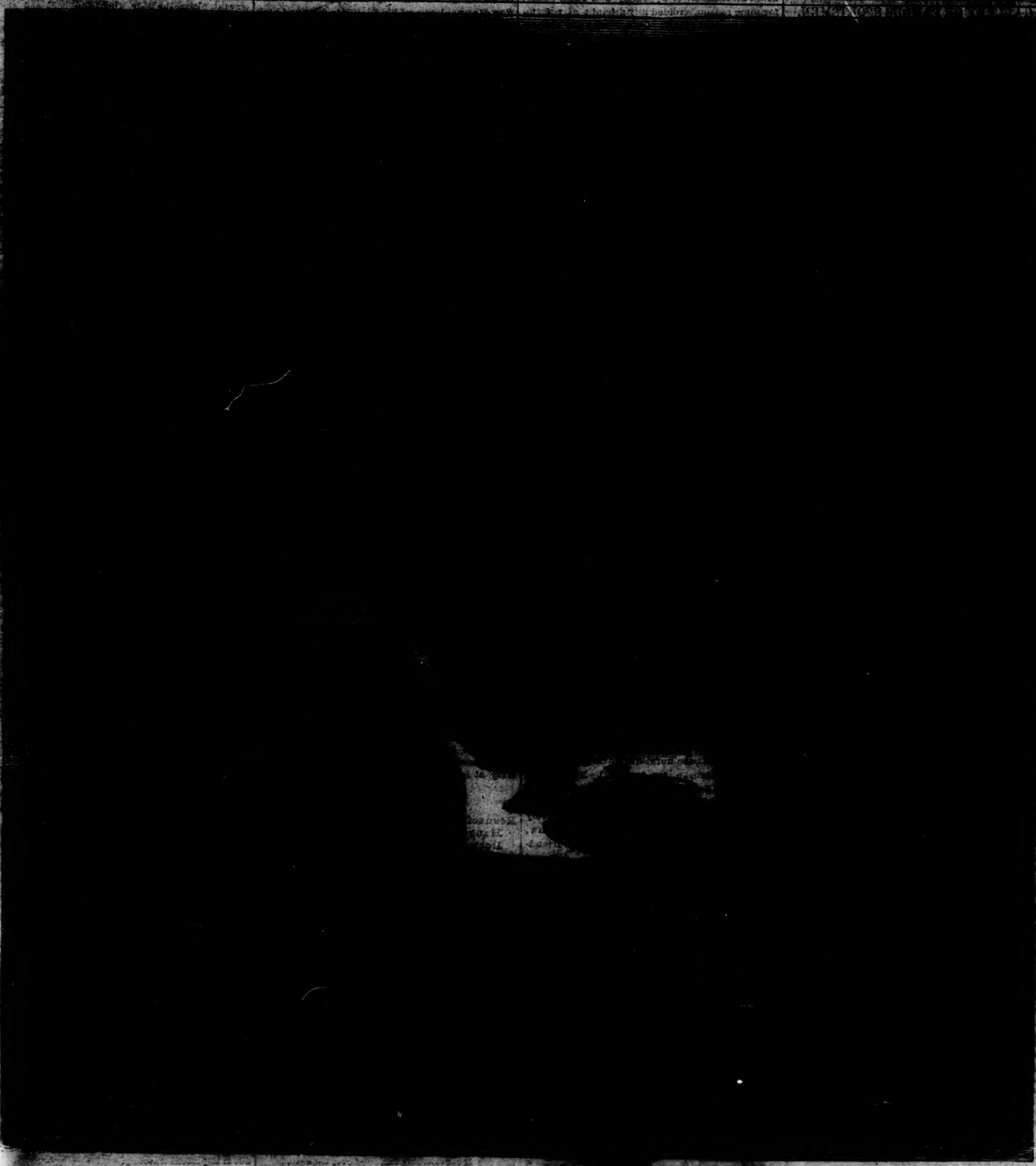
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Price 10 Cents



"FILL EVERY BEAKER UP, FOUR FORTH THE CHEERING WINE, THERE'S LIFE AND MERRIMENT IN EVERY DROP. THANKSGIVING TO THE VINE"—A PARTY OF CANADIAN GIRLS DON THE SCOTTISH COSTUME, BECOME HILARIOUS, AND DANCE TO THE HEALTH OF THEIR ROYAL RULERS AFTER THE FASHION OF THE MOTHER COUNTRY.—See Page 2.

THE NATIONAL POLICE GAZETTE

The Oldest Illustrated Weekly. Established 1848

RICHARD K. FOX, - - - Proprietor.

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THE NATIONAL POLICE GAZETTE'S GALLERY OF FAMOUS SPORTSMEN.

The immense favor which has been bestowed upon our "Theatrical Gallery" of famous foot-light favorites, has demonstrated the popularity of this feature of the GAZETTE, and induced the management to add a companion feature in giving each week the portrait of different men who have won fame in the world of sport.

Every one of the characters selected will be chosen only on their merit, and because of their popularity, and the collection will possess a genuine value to all who take an interest in athletics. The many attractive features which now distinguish the GAZETTE will be enhanced by the addition of this novelty. Every reader who takes an interest in sporting matters, will appreciate this splendid addition, and should notify his friends of the fact.

THE NATIONAL POLICE GAZETTE OF NEW YORK

Is now considered a standard of journalistic excellence, everything that appears in its columns being the best attainable.

Back numbers always on hand, and can be obtained by sending to the office of publication.

RICHARD K. FOX, Publisher,
183 William Street, New York.

Answers to Correspondents.

Photographs and sketches mailed to this paper exclusively, if made use of, will be liberally paid for. We also desire to obtain the name and address of each artist and photographer throughout the entire country.

H. B., Pittsburg, Pa.—Item used. Come again.
T. P. D., Oberfield, W. Va.—Thanks for your kindness.
H. U. D., Lebanon, Pa.—Many thanks. Send anything of importance.

F. B., Bonham, Tex.—All right; do not make further effort; of no use now.

G. N., Evansville.—Could not use the pencil sketch; are thankful for kindness. Success in your new position.

A. P., Fort A. Lincoln, D. T.—Your communication will appear in next week's issue. Unavoidably crowded out this week.

G. U. V., Greenville, O.—Did not receive clipping, consequently could not use sketch. Proof must be furnished every time.

L. S., Buffalo, N. Y.—You have been anticipated. See Sporting Characters in present number. Will continue every week.

Julia, Boundary City, Ind.—Please send something to substantiate your assertions. It looks now like a matter of spite. Yea, verily.

C. W. H., Newburyport, Mass.—Would not be worth the money. Public interest will have died out before you could secure the matter.

S. B. L., Jr., Leadville, Col.—Made use of the matter. Matter of this kind is too prevalent to be worth illustrating. Thanks for your attention.

"Tom," Baltimore, Md.—Have a correspondent in your city already. Will file your letter, and bear you in mind. May have occasion shortly to avail ourselves of your services.

J. A. P., Staunton, Va.—If you secure matter that is exclusive we will pay you for it, if used. We are well supplied with sources to obtain news in your section of a general character, and would not care to make anything but special arrangements.

Artist, Brooklyn.—Experienced men say that your drawings are very faulty. You have evidently a talent for that line of work, which, if cultivated, will lead to good results. Do not be flattered by what your friends tell you. They often prove bad critics, in praising what they should condemn. Practice and study will make you in time competent to enter the field as an artist. Persevere, and don't be conceited. Be on the alert for improvement. Sketches sent are very stilted and clumsy. No action, or harmony of color.

EQUALITY BEFORE THE LAW.

The assertion that "all men are equal" in the eyes of the law, and are treated alike in its dispensations, will strike the ordinary observer of criminal trials in this city as very amusing, not to say ridiculous. The basis of law is justice; and when it is made to subserve the end of individuals and is applied according to the position of any man or woman's social or financial standing in the community, the agent of its administration is guilty of as great a crime as that which he fails to punish. It is notoriously a fact that the courts of this city have been, and are, to a great extent, influenced indirectly by abstract considerations in special cases which have come before them for adjudication. They have furnished good cause upon which to base the belief that there are two distinct branches of the law, namely, the law of the rich and influential and the law of the poor and friendless. Everybody who is conversant with the records of the New York courts during the past few years knows that justice (?) is dispensed according to the circumstances of the party or parties who come within the pale of its administration.

The press, while assuming to expose and condemn all manners of hypocrisy and wrong, have, for some reason, avoided any attempt at reforming this state of affairs. Occasionally the subject is touched, but in such a gingerly manner that no good is accomplished. Of late the Times has taken the matter in hand, and, in its masterly and forcible way, exposed the falsity of the entire system. "Hitherto," it says, "our legislators have proceeded, in making laws for the punishment of crime, upon the theory that criminals should be punished without respect to their color or previous condition of social or political influence. As every one knows, in practice this theory is totally repudiated, and in order to avoid the charge of gravely professing what we refuse to practice, we should amend our criminal statutes and rid them of the false pretense that all criminals are born free and equal and are entitled to equal justice before the law. One of the first steps in this important reformation of the statute-book would be formal recognition of the fact that all negroes accused of crime are to be regarded as guilty unless they can prove their innocence. It is the practice of our courts to proceed upon this theory, and the ease and certainty with which the negro murderer is convicted and hanged is in pleasant contrast with the difficulty which attends the punishment of the average Irish or German murderer. It is also apparent that we ought to have a special code of criminal procedure for Italians. The Italian population in this city is comparatively small, and has little or no political influence. The result is that when an Italian commits a crime, his punishment is almost certain. This is, of course, a matter upon which we ought to congratulate ourselves; but when it is remembered that in practice the courts make a wide distinction between Italian and other criminals, so that the Irish or American murderer has many more chances of escape than has the Italian murderer, it really seems that this distinction ought to be formally recognized. There is now lying in the Tombs, under sentence of death, one Pietro Balbo, an Italian, who fatally stabbed his wife in a fit of rage at her unfaithfulness. Very probably the man deserves to die, although the judge who sentenced him hinted that his conviction might have been partly due to the mismanagement of his case by his lawyers. Still, as a matter of fact, we do not hang the husband who avenges by homicide the unfaithfulness of his wife, unless he happens to be an Italian. There are not a few men at large to-day who have been tried for murder, and honorably acquitted on the ground that they committed homicide when driven temporarily insane by discovering that their wives had been unfaithful to them. (Sickles, Cole and Richardson, for instance). No one imagines that if Balbo had been a prominent American or Irish politician, he would now be under the shadow of the gallows. Instead of gravely pretending that all men are equal before the law, we ought to formally assert that poor and friendless Italians are entitled to a different sort of justice from that which is given to other criminals. Thus we shall bring the law into conformity with practice. As for female homicides, the courts have long assumed that a woman has a right to kill any lover who refuses to marry her, or any paramour whom she may regard as unfaithful. Mrs. Fair killed the man with whom she had been living in adultery because he was guilty of leaving her and returning to his own wife, and she was triumphantly acquitted. Of course, Mrs. Fair, Miss Harris, and a score of other female murderers would have been found guilty had it not been for the tacit recognition by our courts of the fact that the laws against murder do not apply to women. It therefore follows that the laws ought to be amended, and the right of women to kill their lovers to be formally recognized. Thus we shall avoid the charge of violating the law for the sake of saving pretty women from the gallows. When it is once understood that, so far from recognizing no distinction of persons, our courts recognize a

great many distinctions, and when we have one code of criminal law for women, another for negroes, another for Italians, and another for the rest of our citizens, we shall be able to point with pride to the action of our criminal courts, and repel with scorn all accusations of unfair and illegal partiality." If judges will pervert the law according to circumstances, it will be far better to adapt it to their ideas than to allow them as at present to make it a burlesque and sham.

A GOOD CHOICE.

In the death of Inspector John McDermott, the Metropolitan police force loses one of its most efficient members. During his term of office in that capacity he won honor as one who never flinched when duty called, and was always thorough and conscientious in the discharge of it. Men of his character have done much to mitigate many of the shortcomings of our police, and it is earnestly hoped that in the selection of his successor the Commissioners will be actuated solely by a desire to perpetuate his methods and principles of action. There are many good men in the force who would fill the vacancy with credit, and the most prominent among them is Captain Kealy. This excellent officer's record is too well known to be recited here. His deeds are a part of the history of our police, and his fidelity to duty and zeal in discharging it has won for him the respect of the public of New York. (The position of Police Inspector is an important one, and should only be filled by men who have given good evidence of their fitness to hold it. Captain Kealy has done this most effectually in the past, and if appointed will, without doubt, prove himself as worthy of the position as he has of his captaincy.

"Toast" Drinking.

[Subject of Illustration.]

The custom of "toast" drinking is as "old as the hills," and is likely to prevail until the day when "heaven and earth shall pass away, notwithstanding the efforts of temperance blowers, who have assailed it with many fierce gales of rhetoric. There is no doubt that like everything else which is common to mankind, the custom is oftentimes abused and made a cover for hypocrisy and insincerity. "Here's my regards" often means right the opposite, and will, under such circumstances, bear comparison with a notable instance in the world's history, where a manifestation of heartfelt affection was but the prelude to a betrayal. In the generality of cases, however, "toast" drinking is the outcome of good-feeling and does much to promote friendship and fraternity among men.

One of the most notable instances—notable because exceptional—of the growing popularity of this custom was furnished in a recent occurrence in the city of Montreal, Canada. The ladies of the Dominion do not enjoy a reputation like their sisters over the border for asserting their right to enjoy the privileges and customs of the sterner sex. The disposition of the American girl to break down old traditions and enter into all the pleasures of the day on an equality has, however, had its influence, and is beginning to make itself manifest in many ways.

Recently a banquet was held in the city of Montreal, at which no one but ladies were present. It was gotten up in honor of the royal couple who preside over the welfare of Canada, and was a grand success in every sense of the term. Wine flowed freely, and the healths of Lorne and his spouse were quaffed in bumpers of the "ruby" until all about the festive board were in that condition charitably defined, "exhilarated." In honor to the land of cakes and "bonnie lassies" from which the Marquis hails some of the fair banqueters were dressed in Scottish costume. Deeds of the warriors of that land were recited, her poets and novelists eulogized and when the "wee sma' hours ayont the twelve" had come the enthusiasm had reached its limit, and overflowed in acts which would have delighted Burns in his most bibulous days. The glass was emptied and flung away as having fulfilled its highest purpose in holding the health of those "toasted." "The best of life is but intoxication," says Byron, and the Montreal lassies echoed his sentiment in their first essay at female rights.

DEATH CONQUERED.

Resuscitation of a Convict who has been Hanged—Something which Puzzles the Doctors.

PEER, April 17.—A most extraordinary case of resuscitation is reported to have taken place at Raab, on the 14th inst. Raab is about sixty-seven miles from this city and was formerly a fortified city. It is built on the river of the same name, and is a place of some commercial importance. The story that comes from there reads more like one of the grim *contes drolatiques* of Balzac than an occurrence of the present day. A young convict named Takacs, who had murdered two women, was hanged. He was about twenty-three years of age. After the body was cut down and examined by the physicians life was pronounced extinct. As a scientific experiment the body was subjected to an electro-galvanic current, and after a few hours signs of life were perceptible. The resuscitated convict completely recovered the use of his senses, and his first actions were of violence toward the prison officials by whom he was surrounded. He soon began to suffer from congestion of the brain, and became delirious during the night. He made repeated attacks on the keepers, and complained of violent pains, asking from time to time for milk and water. Death released him finally from his sufferings yesterday morning. The entire medical faculty in this city is considerably exercised over the case.

MYSTERY AT CONEY ISLAND.

Mrs. Smith Found Dead Under Circumstances That Recall Chastine Cox's Crime.

Mrs. Catharine Smith, the wife of John Smith, the watchman of the iron pier at Coney Island, was found dead in her room Tuesday morning, April 20th. She kept a boarding-house at the West Brighton Hotel, Coney Island, and there were one or two boarders there for the winter. Mr. Smith parted with her at 8 o'clock on Monday night, when she seemed in excellent health and spirits. At about 6 o'clock in the morning John Erickson, a boarder in the house, met Mr. Smith on his way home and informed him of his wife's death. Erickson said that in the night, while he was sleeping in the room over that occupied by Mrs. Smith, he heard a noise, which sounded as though some heavy article of furniture had fallen. He was awakened by the noise, and, after listening intently for some time, he concluded that it was some accident and went to sleep again. He was called to the room of Mrs. Smith early in the morning by the servant girl, Alice. He found Mrs. Smith dead, and in a kneeling position, with her arms about the bureau and her chin resting upon a partly opened drawer. There were marks about the neck which seemed to indicate that she had been choked to death, and the wedding ring that she always wore was missing from her finger. The finger seemed to have been bruised in removing the ring. Mr. Erickson, assisted by the servant, placed the body upon the bed, and then started to inform Mr. Smith. The maid servant when questioned said that she had heard no noise, but she acted so strange that Mr. Smith questioned her more closely. The girl is twenty years old, and was recently taken from the almshouse to work for the family. She was sleeping in a room adjoining that of Mrs. Smith, and she admitted that instead of going to bed, as usual, she had slept in a chair, but she could not give any reason for having done so.

Mr. Smith reported the case to Coroner Simms, and said that he could not believe that his wife died from natural causes, as she was apparently in perfect health; and from the position in which her body was found, he thought that she must have had a struggle with some one who was attempting to rob the bureau drawer, and that, while trying to protect her property, she was choked to death. But her head was thrown forward when the body was found. There was nothing missing except the wedding ring. Mr. Smith had no suspicion of anyone, although he could not account for the maid servant's singular conduct.

Coroner Simms ordered a post mortem examination to be made, and the matter will be investigated.

A SELECT SNAKE STORY.

The First of the Season Uncoiled Before the Daisies Spring.

On Tuesday last a German butcher by the name of Hans Wiger passed through Harrison, Ark. en route for Little Rock, where, he stated, he had many friends. After traveling as far as the first crossing of David's creek he became fatigued, and, as there was no house in sight, concluded to rest himself upon some flat rocks, which formed quite an inviting resting-place by the roadside. Exhausted in mind as well as in body he soon fell asleep and all was dark to him until he awoke with a start and the realization that he was in the clutches of some one or something. Looking down, such a sight met his eyes as would have made the stoutest heart bound with agitation. Clapping both right and left legs were two rattlesnakes of the diamond species, coiled from the feet up and looking him greedily in the face from both sides. It was a moment to try the nerve of the bravest hero known to history, and we need hardly say Mr. Wiger trembled from head to foot, but knowing that his salvation was inaction rather than action, he dropped back as if shot and lay as one dead; how long he remained in this predicament is hard to tell, as under such circumstances minutes lengthen into hours and hours into days, but some time after dark both snakes, becoming wearied, no doubt, slowly uncoiled themselves, and, after crawling under his neck and around his head several times, moved quietly away. It is needless to say that our Teutonic friend made tracks for the nearest house and fell fainting while trying to climb the fence to enter. After some little trouble he was revived, but it was found that during his lying still, blood had oozed from his eyes and mouth; his hair, which, he said, was raven black before, had almost an iron gray cast.

A Jealous Murderer.

MARSHALL, Ill., April 18.—Clark county has a genuine sensation in the form of a murder with a woman at the bottom of it. It occurred at Darwin, near here. On Friday afternoon Dick Miles shot down in cold blood Trench Tonsley, killing him almost instantly. The act was done through jealousy, as Miles had been suspicious of his wife and Tonsley. At the time referred to Miles left his store and his wife in it, saying he was going to be gone some hours in the country. On returning in a short time he found Tonsley and Mrs. Miles together in the store. He immediately opened fire on Tonsley. He put two balls through his head and one through his body. Tonsley fell dead at the feet of Mrs. Miles. Miles defied the authorities for a time, but afterwards gave himself up. The affair creates great excitement in the region of its occurrence.

Favorites of the Footlights.

[With Portrait.]

Miss Lottie Grant, of whom we give a portrait in the present number, is a lady who enjoys a good reputation, fairly earned. She has been on the boards a long time, and in her sphere—burlesque and variety—is considered one of the best. A graceful presence united to genuine talent, have done much for her. She is at present traveling.

A BORN COQUETTE.

Creating Havoc Among Susceptible
Males From Her Youth up, and
Still She is Not Happy.

A LIFE'S FRIENDSHIP SEVERED

And the Demon of Jealousy Let
Loose by a Heartless Schem-
er's Smile.

"WOMAN, THIS IS YOUR WORK."

CLINTON, Ark., April 12.—There was recently sent to the penitentiary from this county a young man, whose career and crime serve to "point a moral and adorn a tale" of more than ordinary interest. It is the old story of jealousy, revenge and murder; but the details are tragic in the extreme.

About twenty-five miles west of this place lives, or lived, a widow named Louise Vandiver. She was connected with some of the leading families in this state, and also in Louisiana, her native commonwealth, and was, in more respects than one, a remarkable woman. When only fifteen she became a bride, marrying an officer in the Confederate army, the marriage ceremony being celebrated in a little Catholic church in New Orleans very quietly, as neither family was aware of the event. This was in 1864. When the marriage was announced it

CREATED A DOMESTIC HURRICANE,

and the parents of bride and groom threatened all manner of things, but did nothing; and the happy pair went on their way undisturbed.

Two or three years of wedded bliss followed, and then the husband took sick and died, leaving his wife disconsolate. The husband had been a prudent business man, and, after the first shock of agony was over, the widow, upon careful investigation of the assets left her, found that in addition to a charming face and figure, she possessed a

SUBSTANTIAL FORTUNE OF SOME \$30,000.

Under such circumstances it is not surprising that she quickly forgot her grief, and sought and found solace in gay society and the companionship of the opposite sex. She had the *entree* of the best society in New Orleans, and her social triumphs eclipsed those of every other belle who attempted to enter the field as a rival. Lovers she had by the score; but to each and all she turned a deaf ear, no one seeming to find favor in her sight. Here was a mystery, and it was intensified by the gay widow suddenly retiring from society—leaving the scenes of her social victories—and seeking a home in a wild, yet picturesque portion of Arkansas. Her advent here

PRODUCED A SOCIAL SENSATION.

Her delightful country-seat became at once the scene of lavish hospitality, and legion could only name her admirers. Mrs. Vandiver was now in the zenith of her beauty. Lovely, graceful, accomplished—a thorough woman of the world—it is little wonder that she excited universal homage. Her features were regular, her form superb; and her eyes dark and piercing, while—

"Her glossy hair was clustered o'er a brow
Bright with intelligence, and fair, and smooth;
Her eyebrow's shape was like the aerial bow,
Her cheek all purple with the beam of youth,
Mounting, at times, to a transparent glow
As if her veins ran lightning."

Among her most persistent suitors were two young and wealthy men from a distant part of the state. When they met her they were fast friends; a week later they were bitter enemies. The widow encouraged first one, and then the other. One day her smile lifted Robert Mitchell to the very heavens, and her frown drove Henry Morgan to the verge of insanity; and *vice-versa*. It was now evident that the

LOVELY WOMAN WAS A SOULLESS COQUETTE;

but still her train of admirers did not diminish, while Robert Mitchell and Henry Morgan struggled more desperately than ever to win from her a smile.

A crisis, however, was soon reached in their rivalry. Mitchell met Morgan in town and knocked him down. Mitchell was a Hercules in strength, while Morgan was physically weak; and, besides, had no chance to resist Mitchell's sudden onslaught. After telling his rival Mitchell mounted his horse and rode rapidly away. Morgan was at a loss how to proceed. He felt his position keenly; he was wounded and humiliated, but how to avenge the insult and outrage was more than he could conceive. Therefore his friends proceeded to advise him.

"YOU MUST HORSEWHIP ROBERT MITCHELL,"

they said, and the unfortunate young man dare not disobey the mandate, and so was hurried to an unimpeachable grave. He passed a sleepless night, and early the next morning started out in search of Mitchell, finding him an hour or so later, at Mrs. Vandiver's country seat. The reader can guess the sequel. Upon Morgan asking Mitchell to apologize and receiving a prompt refusal, he advanced upon him with a raised whip, when Mitchell drew a revolver and

SHOT MORGAN DEAD.

Before the tragedy the widow appeared upon the scene and ordered both men to leave the premises. As done, she coolly walked away. Five minutes later one of the lovers was weltering in his blood.

Mitchell was arrested and lodged in jail, but succeeded in escaping. He was recaptured, tried, found guilty, and sentenced to be hung. The chief witness

against him was the widow. Her evidence was plain and positive. It was listened to eagerly by all in the densely-packed court room; and her evident desire to see him punished to the full extent of the law, was much commented upon. As Mitchell was being led back to prison upon the conclusion of his first trial, he met Mrs. Vandiver face to face. No gleam of recognition lighted up her lovely face; but he said, passionately:

"WOMAN, THIS IS YOUR WORK."

But she only drew her veil closer and turned away. A new trial was granted, and Mitchell was sent to state prison for seventeen years. Here he remained for some time, when he succeeded in escaping and is still at large.

After the second trial, Mrs. Vandiver sold out and returned to Louisiana, and the whole affair is now a matter of history.

But for a woman's wiles one man sleeps in a quiet grave, and another is wandering up and down the earth, the brand of Cain upon his brow, and a fugitive from justice.

IRREPRESSIBLE JESSE JAMES.

Not Dead Yet, but Visiting St. Louis as Coolly as if He Owned the Town—
"Charge Three More Suppers to the Government."

The Pullman sleeping-car passengers who arrived in St. Louis on the morning of April 16th, by the Kansas City passenger train over the Chicago and Alton road, had an interesting experience, and one that created no little alarm in their midst, a few miles this side of Kansas City, as they were en route here Wednesday night. It was learned from one of the train men, that the notorious Jesse James, and two of his gang had been part of the human freight for a short distance, and had impressed their fellow-passengers with their bravado and importance in a manner that would not readily be forgotten, at least by the timid and peace-loving ones in the number. The railway officials knew nothing of the affair whatever, and from the passengers the particulars of the sensation were gleaned. The first one found was Mr. J. D. Woodworth, a well-to-do lumber and hardware dealer, of Garrett, Kansas, who was registered at the Planters' House. He had just come in from Kansas City, and corroborated the statement made by the train hand as to the presence of the James gang on the train.

A PASSENGER'S STORY.

Mr. Woodworth said: "We left the Kansas City Union Depot last night, shortly after dusk, with a pretty full train. I had a berth in the rear sleeper, and passed through the cars back to that berth, and did not go forward again after we left the Grand Avenue Depot. As the train was pulling out from that depot three men entered the sleeper, and stood just within the door for several minutes. They did not seem at home, but, on the contrary, ill at ease, and appeared to be on the alert for some important development. They were all decently dressed, and one who appeared to be the leader, held a revolver by his side, partially concealed by the folds of his overcoat. I thought they might be officers of the law awaiting the coming through of some criminal, and not wishing to offend, turned my gaze in another direction. About ten minutes elapsed ere they left the position by the door, and the leader remarking something about supper, the trio passed on through the sleeper and into the dining-room car, the last car of the train. Supper was shortly announced, and several of the sleeping-car passengers and myself went back to partake of the meal. The waiters were flying around as if their lives depended on their alertness and strict attention to duty, and then down at the rear I saw the three men who had acted so strangely in the sleeper. They were seated at a table, eating, and on the table rested three murderous-looking large revolvers at full cock. The man in charge came up to me, and said, in a low voice, not to express any surprise at what I saw, as the strangers were

THE NOTORIOUS JESSE JAMES

and two of his men. If let alone they would harm no one, but if an attempt at their capture was made, some one would assuredly get hurt.

"This injunction was cautiously repeated to the other half dozen persons abroad, and we all fell to eating in silence, and casting occasional glances at our celebrated companions. The leader, who talked exactly with the description given of Jesse James, exhibited the utmost sang froid. He laughed and chatted in a rather boisterous manner with his companions, but apparently closely observing everything and everyone in the car at the same time. The subject of their conversation was lost to me, but it seemed to amuse them hugely. At the completion of the meal, the leader coolly picked his teeth, and as the engine whistled for Odessa they all three arose, picked up their revolvers and walked out on the rear platform. Nothing was said as to payment for the supper by the employees, but as James (if the leader was he) closed the door, he doffed his hat by way of a partial salute, and cried out in a clear, ringing voice: 'Charge three more suppers to the Government!'

THE STORY CORROBORATED.

A Mr. Wild, from Springfield, Mo., another one of the passengers, bore out the statement made by Mr. Woodworth, and stated that the two men accompanying the leader were unknown to him, but the leader was none other than the notorious guerrilla and train-robber, Jesse James. He had encountered him on numerous occasions, and could not be mistaken as to his identity.

The probabilities are that Jesse James and his companions are either planning some bold raid, and revealed themselves on Wednesday night in the above manner so that, when the job is completed, at a point removed from Kansas City, suspicion will be allayed as to their complicity, or, through a spirit of sheer bravado, wishing to run down a few miles over the line, adopted that method of introducing themselves to their fellow-passengers.

WASHINGTON TOPICS.

Belva Lockwood's Plucky Fight for Her
Rights—Upsetting the Haunts of Sin
—The Turnout of a Demi-Monde.

[With Illustration and Portrait.]

[Special Correspondence of POLICE GAZETTE.]

Mr. R. T. Merrick, the great Washington advocate, appeared in the district court last week, before Justice Cox, and made a motion to dismiss the case of Jessie Raymond vs. Senator B. H. Hill from the docket. When the court asked whether the usual notice had been served upon the fair (!) plaintiff's counsel, Mrs. Belva A. Lockwood, Mr. Merrick replied in the negative, stating that he did not regard the woman lawyer as "counsel in good standing," and he would decline holding any communication with her.

The next day Mrs. Lockwood, accompanied by Miss Raymond and little Tommy Benjamin Hill, appeared in court, to the amusement of the judge, lawyers and bystanders. One old lawyer donned his specks and exclaimed loud enough to be heard ten feet away: "Why, bless my soul, if that little boy is not the picture of Ben Hill."

Mrs. Lockwood at once proceeded to argue a question of privilege. She stated that in her absence Mr. Merrick had reflected upon her in the most ungentlemanly and unprofessional manner, and proceeding at length, she excoriated Merrick most unmercifully. During her speech little Tommy was running about among the bystanders, making faces at little boys in the court-room, and cutting up other antics to the amusement of those present. When Mrs. Lockwood concluded, Jessie stated to the court that she wished to make a statement under oath, which she proceeded to do, to the effect that she had been driven to the direct poverty to make the counter statement six weeks since exonerating Senator Hill, and affirming the truth of the original affidavit in which she charged that Hill was the father of her child.

The classic precinct known as the Division, has at last been rid of the presence of Duckie White. Duckie made herself so obnoxious by her warfare upon the policemen (two of whom she led out of the house by their ears about a year since) that she was required to pull up stakes and leave. She now lives in the vicinity of Fourth street and Maryland avenue, where she conducts a Russian coffee house. Duckie is an eccentric creature. She claims to be a descendant from a noble Russian house. Of course she does not keep an assignation house, but sells to couples that call, coffee at \$2.00 per cup—room and bed thrown in. One day she may be seen promenading the avenue in a sky-blue silk, with gay ostrich feathers in her hat, and on the next day she will appear in widow's weeds.

The Rum Row pimps are all afoot over the boat race which is billed to come off on the Potomac waters at an early day. Since the change of district commissioners the gamblers are no longer molested, and quiet games of faro are carried on in the vicinity of the Treasury Department. Last week Deacon Richard Smith, of the Cincinnati *Gazette*, came on here, and, after dining at the Arlington, he sallied forth to the *Gazette Bureau*, which flourishes under the management of General Boynton, who has made himself notorious by his warfare on General Sherman. The Deacon has a horror for every kind of gambling, and to his surprise he could see a game of faro in full blast from the eastern window of Boynton's office.

"Is it possible that faro is played under the President's nose?" the Deacon asked.

"Yes," replied Boynton, "and it would surprise you to know the number of Senators and Representatives who fight the tiger."

The Deacon left that night for Porkopolis, declaring that the National Capital should be removed to the virtuous city of Cincinnati without delay.

Charley Chapman is making strenuous efforts to get back his old place at the White House. He has sent the President a petition requesting his reinstatement, signed by nearly every Western Congressman. But the President is a straight-laced character, and Charley will scarcely be permitted to resume his questionable avocation at the White House.

Lizzie Know has purchased a new pair of horses, one of which she calls Hamlin and the other Jim Blaine. She has a fine rig, and every good afternoon she dashes up and down the avenue behind her light-stepping nags. She is a good whip, and holds the ribbons in a manner that would do credit to Bud Dobie or Wm. H. Vanderbilt. Her caravansary continues to be the most popular resort for Congressmen in the city, several of whom sleep and eat there.

Old Mrs. Adkins, who formerly kept an assignation house on Eleventh street, just north of the avenue, has now moved to a quiet-looking house about fifty yards from the Fordbury church, the place at which the President worships every Sunday.

Madeline Sinclair, who was a brunette last year, is now a blonde. Just how the fair Madeline manages to transform herself so suddenly from one style of beauty to another, the hair dressers alone can tell. She still "advertises" her avocation by taking daily tramps from the Riggs House to the National Hotel.

AS CLEAR AS MUD.

A Murder That will Probably never be
Explained—Buried beneath a Rock.

HUNTER'S RANGE, Penn., April 22.—A few weeks ago, while a party of men were cutting railroad ties in the mountains near Twelve-mile Pond, in Porter Township, Pike County, Penn., one of the party, James Home, while asserting the axes and other working implements of the men underneath a large rock, there to leave them until their return the fol-

lowing day, discovered portions of a skeleton of a man and fragments of a woolen blanket. The discovery, in such an isolated place, miles from any human dwelling, caused much excitement. A Justice of the Peace of Potter Township was given notice, and a few days ago an inquest was held over the remains. The following verdict was rendered: "That this unknown person was feloniously killed and concealed in a ledge of rocks by some person or persons to this jury unknown." When the remains were first discovered many believed they were those of a pack-peddler named "Goosey," who, several years ago, made regular visits to Pike County, carrying notions, but who suddenly ceased coming. But it has since been learned that "Goosey" is still living in New York city. Some years ago, near this spot, the irons of a wagon that had evidently been left and burned up (with chains and portions of harness) were found. A short time prior to the finding of these articles, a German notion pedler, who was above the average height, and who drove a one-horse wagon throughout this part of Pennsylvania, suddenly ceased coming, and has never been heard of or seen since. He always carried a large amount of money with him. It is now believed that the remains are those of the missing German. It is conjectured that he was pursued by persons who knew he had money, and who, after robbing him, murdered him and secreted the body, and burned everything else to destroy traces of their crime. The remains would indicate that the man was in the prime of life when waylaid, and had been above the average height.

PISTOL PRACTICE IN LEADVILLE.

Disputing the Right to Claims, and Set-
tling by Blood—A Very Precarious
Existence in the Mine City.

LEADVILLE, April 12.—James and William A. Bush, C. C. Jay, Dennis Sullivan, Alderman Murphy and Lawrence Fitzgerald own the Brigham and Beecher mineral claim, situated on Carbonate Hill. Fitzgerald has erected several cabins on the claim. Saturday, George Tattersall commenced to build a cabin on the claim nearly in front and about fifteen yards from a cabin occupied by Fitzgerald.

Fitzgerald objected and sought legal advice, and was counselled to build a fence around the disputed ground and be careful and do nothing making him amenable to the law. At about 11 o'clock Sunday morning Tattersall, with assistance, resumed work on the cabin which he proposed to build. Fitzgerald renewed his objections and a scuffle ensued, when Tattersall left the ground and went to his cabin, about forty yards distant, when he was asked by the persons assisting him, "Why did you not shoot the d—n son of a b—h?" His reply was, "Did you not see how I pushed him? I wanted to make him strike me. Then I would have

SHOT HIM D—D QUICK."

Tattersall then went back to the disputed ground, when Fitzgerald came out of his cabin with a short iron bar in his hand, went to a partially finished cabin near, pried off a log, brought it to the lot and threw it down on the spot where he proposed to erect the house. As it touched the ground Tattersall threw it to one side. Fitzgerald stooped to replace it, when Tattersall fired at him without effect. Fitzgerald then raised and rushed toward Tattersall, when he (Tattersall) fired two shots more without effect. The fourth shot struck Fitzgerald near the corner of the mouth, ranging backward and shattering the jaw and severing the jugular vein. Fitzgerald fell forward on his face and died almost instantly. Tattersall, as soon as the shooting was done, ran down the hill into the town, followed by a crowd, where he was arrested, after firing a shot or two at the officers, by Police Officers George A. Townsend and John Sullivan. Fitzgerald was regarded by his neighbors as a very peaceable, unoffending man, while Tattersall had the reputation of being very quarrelsome and turbulent. Fitzgerald leaves a wife, but no children. Fitzgerald was a hardworking, honest stone-cutter, and lived on Carbonate Hill. By his industry he had been enabled to become the possessor of several houses, in one of which with his wife he lived. His near neighbor was George Tattersall, who also owned several lots and a house. Tattersall is an Englishman. One of Fitzgerald's lots being vacant.

TEMPTED THE CUPIDITY

of Tattersall, and he, aided by a brother, prepared to jump it, as above described. After the shooting, Tattersall at once fled, and soon no less than two hundred men on foot and horseback were pursuing the murderer with yells and shouts. For a quarter of a mile the guilty wretch sped before the infuriated people until a large livery stable on Chestnut street was reached. Here he halted and leveled his gun, but a policeman sent a ball so close to his head that he threw down his little gun and surrendered.

The crowd had caught up a rope clothes-line, and, but for the promptness of the officers, the guilty man would have instantly shared Frodsham's fate. He was promptly lodged in jail. Last night a crowd of vigilantes visited the jail, but were not strong enough to cope with the armed guards. A meeting was afterward held by them, the purport of which can only be guessed at, as they are cool and unapproachable; but before a week passes they will doubtless put in some decided work.

Fitzgerald's poor wife is crazed by her awful experience and refuses to leave the cabin, saying:

"Larry would be so lonely if I were to go away."

The great-hearted fellow lies silent in death, while his wife goes forth upon a heartless world.

The murderer will have a preliminary hearing before Judge Bardine, if Judge Lynch does not open court ere he appears before that official.

Susan McClintock, of Georgia, says that she is neither good looking nor highly educated, but if any woman in the world wants to pull hair with her for \$10 and the championship of the world she is right on deck.

A LIFE FOR A KISS.

A Desperate and Bloody Struggle with a Young Girl—A Villain's Persistency Ends in a Horrible Murder.

The following detailed confession of one of the most fiendish murders that ever occurred in the Dominion of Canada has been made by Cleophas Lachance, now in jail at Arthabaska.

THE CONFESSION.

On the 29th of March, after dinner, I left my father's house and took the road leading to the unoccupied house of Babino for the purpose of meeting Odile Desilets, whom I had seen from a shed. When she was about five acres from her house I met the victim opposite a well where the murder was committed, and I asked her to give me a kiss. She refused and pushed me away, from the force of which I fell to the ground. I then got up, and being vexed, threw myself on her, struck her with my fist and threw her on the ground, holding her by the neck. I then drew my knife (the same one Mr. Bissonette has shown me,) and as she observed my movements she pulled it out of my hands. While I held her on the ground with my hands and legs she cried, "My God, he is pulling out his knife." She said this before taking the knife. I succeeded in again getting possession of the knife, but not before I had cut my hands. I then stabbed her on the neck with the large blade, and it is the wound then inflicted that appeared at the examination before the Coroner and Magistrates. When she had received the wound she tried to get up, but I pushed her back on the ground and went for a piece of board (produced in Court,) to which a hinge was attached. When I

STABBED HER

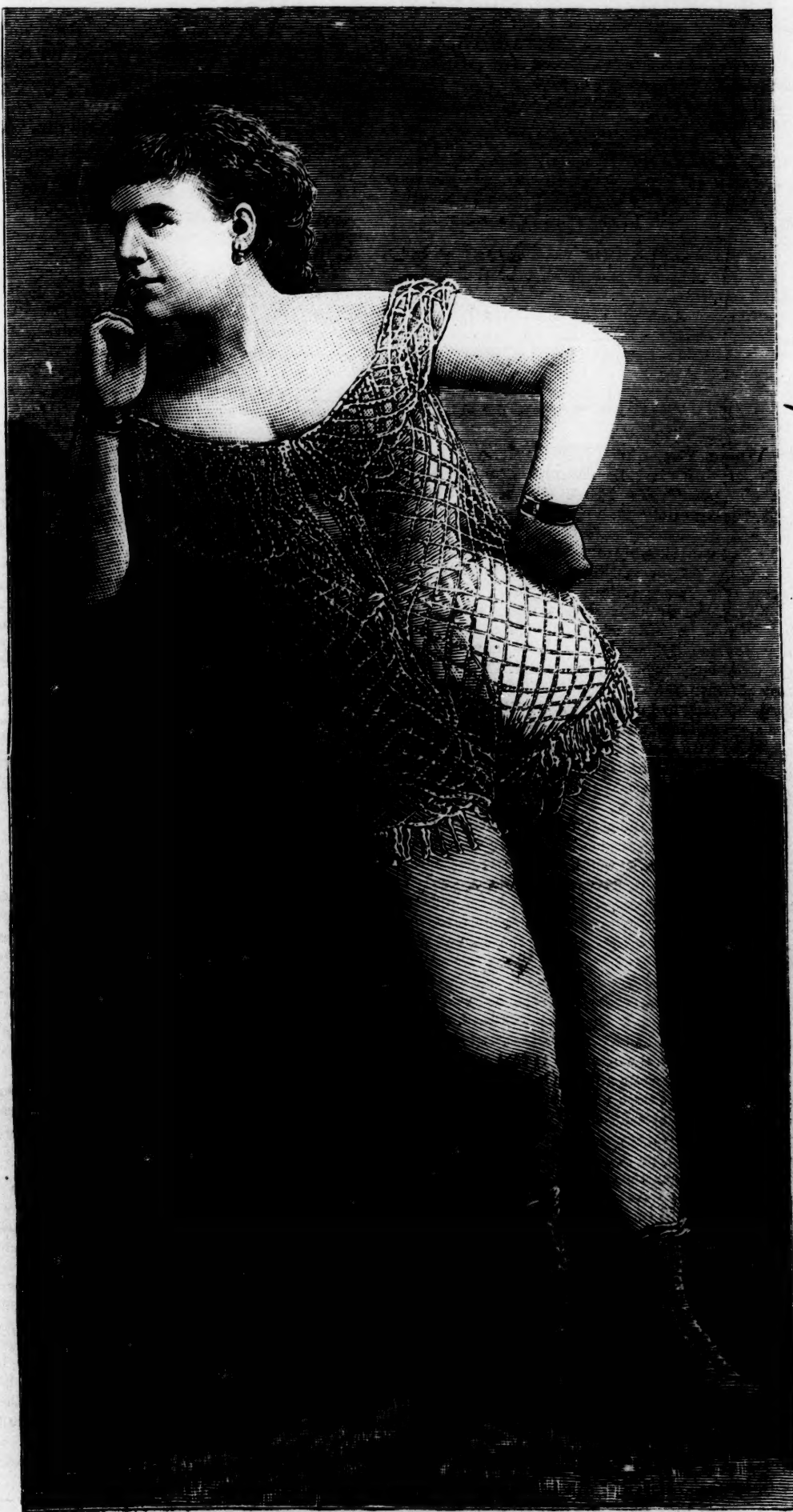
she was about the center of the road. I dragged her close to the well in order that she might not escape me. It was then that I split the piece of wood and returned to the spot where the girl was lying near the well. This piece of wood was the cover of the well, and I broke it with my hands. When I returned to the girl with the piece of wood she was lying on the ground on her right side, her head being near the well and her feet pointing to the road. I then struck her with the piece of wood on the left temple, near the right eye, upon which she moaned so heavily that she might have been heard at Urbain Babino's house if anybody occupied it. I again struck her with the wood on the left side of the head, holding the weapon in both hands. She put her left hand on her head where I had struck her and her hand remained in her hair. She did not make any movement, and I took her to the well, into which I threw her head foremost. I pushed her legs down in order to hide her from sight. She then made a motion and raised her legs above the top of the well, when I pushed them down again. Her hat and shawl were in the road, and I put them in the well, spreading the shawl over her and placing the hat to one side. I then got the piece of board, which I placed over her in the well. I next took three cedar posts, which I placed standing up in the well over the body. I left the body in the well and started to go in the direction of my father's house. I had got but half an acre, when I

RAN BACK TWICE

to see if the body moved, and seeing no stir I went to the barn, about eight acres from the road, where I washed my hands, after the murder, at a well. I observed that my hands were cut. On my coat there was some blood; part of the blood was from the body of the deceased and part from the wounds on my hands. When I observed that my hands were bleeding, I put them into my pants pockets. When I had washed my hands I went out on the highway and proceeded to the barn of my brother, Joseph Lachance, in order to calm my nerves. It was then I saw Rev. Cure Lessard, just as I was leaving the barn.

How a Georgia Thief Was Caught.

An amusing case of burglary occurred in Griffin, Ga., the rascal who did the work being one Jake Shelton, or "One-eyed Jake," as he is familiarly known. A correspondent says: "I allude to it as an amusing case of burglary, and it certainly merits such a title. Reeves & Co., druggists here, had been suspecting thieves from their back entrance, and in order to frustrate any attempts in that direction had arranged a jar of sulphuric acid over the window, attaching thereto a cord, which was connected with the window. Raising this window would invert the jar, emptying the contents all over whoever made entrance. Jake concluded he hadn't enough of wordly goods of his own, so he decided to



FAVORITES OF THE FOOTLIGHTS—MISS LOTTIE GRANT, BURLESQUE AND VARIETY ACTRESS.

appropriate a few drugs and whatever else he could rake in. Climbing up to the window, he made his entrance by boring, but, as ill-luck would have it for him, he struck the cord and down came the whole jar of acid on his woolly head, completely burning off his clothes. The fool was so frightened he couldn't get away, and his noise attracted an officer, who took him in tow. Jake says as fast as he would grab in one place to keep his clothes on, the acid would eat through another, and by the time he got to the lockup he was about clothesless, piece by piece having dropped off on the way.

A PEN PICTURE OF OSHKOSH.

Still Holding its Own as a Very Lively Town—A Good Place for Genuine Reformers to Pitch their Tents.

OSHKOSH, Wis., April 16.—This is certainly a very vile and odious town, generously streaked with human gore and deeply shaded by every crime punishable by human law. Its fifteen thousand souls revel with festal glee in their own devilry and roll sin as a sacchariferous tit-bit under their thick and vulgar tongues. A stranger here is like a toad under a harrow, castigated and insulted on every side by the troublesome burghers, who are ever anxious to add a nail to one's coffin or plant an "Oshkosh tooth-pick" in the breast of the traveler.

The men of the town are proverbial for their beastly nastiness, and God may pity (if He will) the women, for, alas! they are no better than the other sex; they rise no higher in the social thermometer; they are slovenly beyond description.

FLABBY AND REVOLTING;

they suckle their young until they enter their teens, dress like Hottentots, chew plug tobacco and smoke the same weed in a short-stemmed T. D. pipe. They are easily recognized the world over by their prodigious feet, their ungainly legs, the pork-like composition of their general make-up, their black, broken or isolated teeth and a pictorial map of Wisconsin stamped upon their face.

Oshkosh has the name of being the "hardest hole in America," and judging from the features of the inhabitants, one would have little need of looking elsewhere. How so large a hell-begotten rabble ever assembled in one location is a continual moot case to the ministry and a repeated terror to old people and Christians.

Oshkosh, like many other Wisconsin towns, boasts of its local genius. The tweak-nosed poet who wrote the "charming couplet":

"De Lord He lub de niggah well,
He know de niggah by de smell."

lives here. The man who invented the ingenious device of applying a raw potato to the "snout" of a kerosene can lives in the "Bloody Fust;" other smart characters are here wasting their fragrance upon

A HELL-LOVING AND RECKLESS COMMUNITY.

The principal excitement to-day was a free flat-and-foot fight between a couple of drunken women, which took place in the post office just at mail hour. One of the fallen beauties, who carried the brand of a boot heel upon her lower jaw, pounded the drunker of the twain savagely about the face and breast and bit a piece of flesh the size of a pigeon's egg from her left thigh. The city paternals looked approvingly on the inhuman spectacle, regarding it as "quite a little entertainment," and considerable wager-money changed hands as a kind-hearted gentleman from Chicago raised the unfortunate from the floor and conveyed her to rooms in the hotel.

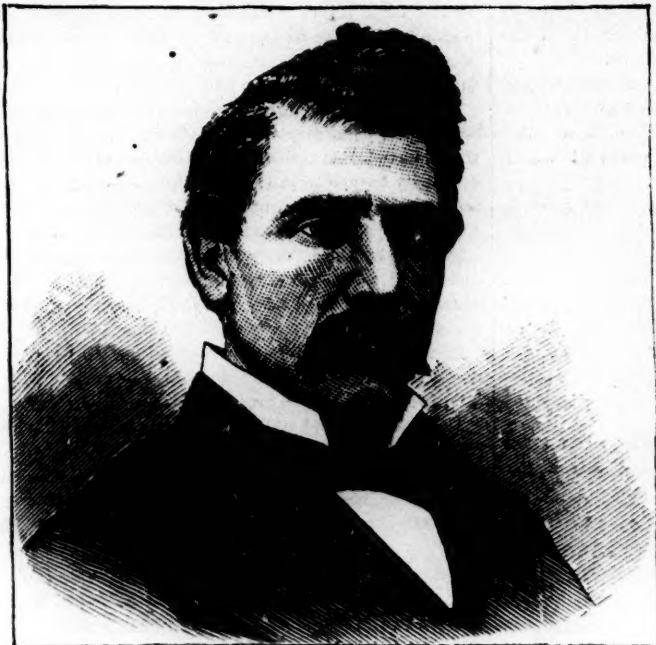
They were selling pools at several of the saloons last night on the recovery of Mrs. — (beg pardon, I have forgotten her name), who, it appears, had the day previous accidentally swallowed an old Canadian copper penny; but to-night all is quiet, the medical attendants having reported the lady "entirely out of danger."

HURLED TO DEATH.

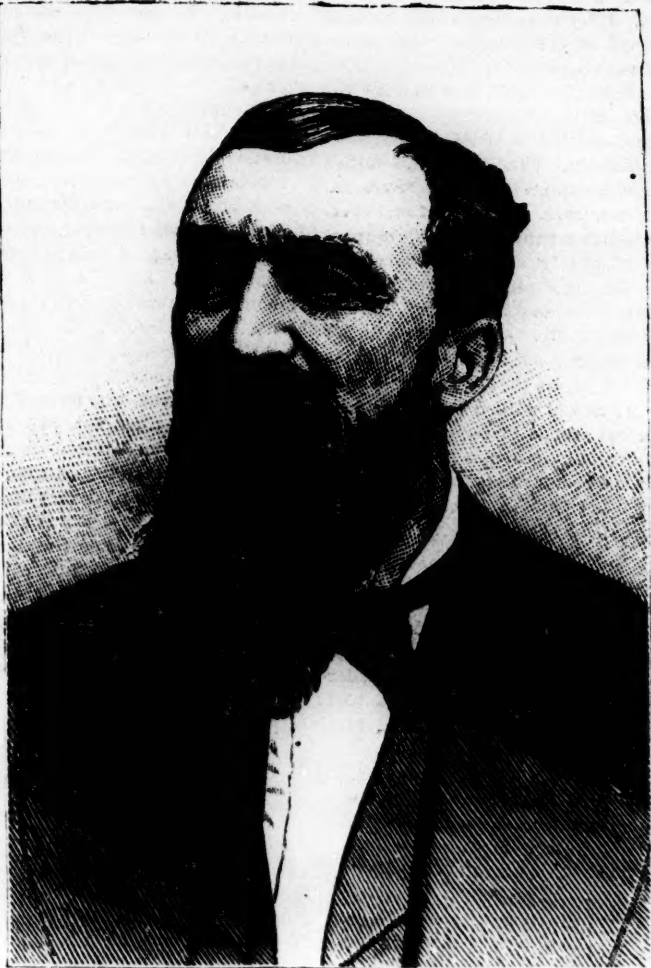
A Mother's Love For Her Child Costs Her Her Life.

[Subject of Illustration.]

A terrible affair happened at Warren C. H., Virginia, on the 14th inst., resulting in a farmer killing his wife. It seems that Mr. John Johnson, who lives near Linden, took his little son up in a hay-loft to whip him for disobedience. The father was beating the child unmercifully, and the screams of agony brought the mother out. She began to ascend the ladder to interfere. The husband called out, "Don't you come up here," but she continued to ascend, and he, in a rage caught the end of



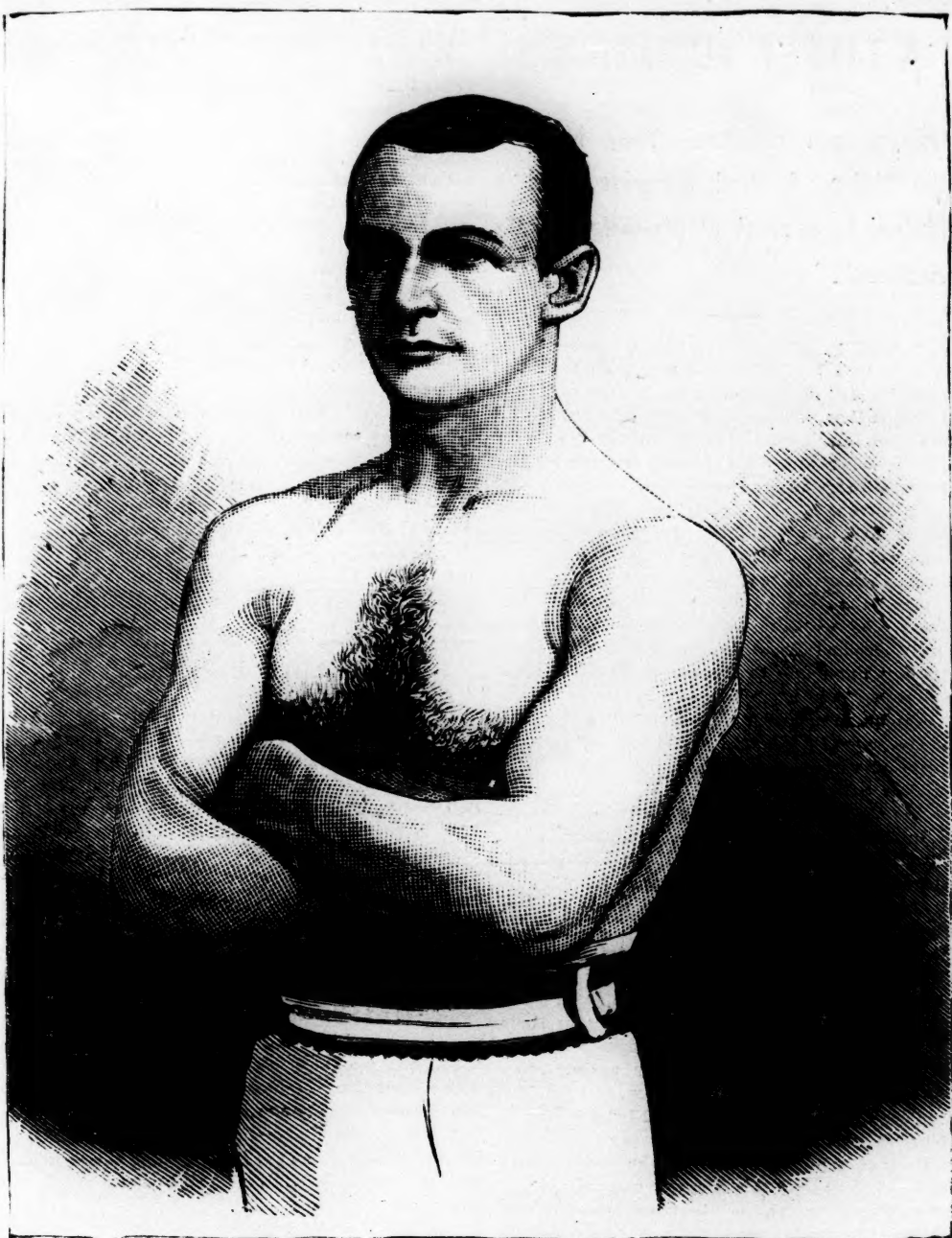
PROF. HOUSER, LECTURING PHRENOLOGIST, WITH WHOM MRS. FANNY LOGAN BECAME INFATUATED.



JESE BILLINGS, NOW ON TRIAL AT BALLSTON SPA, N. Y., FOR THE ALLEGED MURDER OF HIS WIFE.



MRS. FANNY C. LOGAN, VICTIM OF A STRANGE INFATUATION, WHICH CAUSED HER TO DESERT HER HOME.



JIM KELLY. CHAMPION LIGHT-WEIGHT BOXER.



LIBBIE ROSS, CHAMPION FEMALE BOXER OF AMERICA.

the ladder and overturned it, thereby throwing his wife to the ground below, breaking her neck. Johnson is noted for his bad temper, while his wife was generally beloved for her numerous deeds of charity. He has escaped, but if caught will be lynched.

A Costly Smoke.

[Subject of Illustration.]

[Correspondence of POLICE GAZETTE.]

ROCK RAPIDS, D. T., April 18.—A few days ago Mr. J. O. Kallay and wife were coming into this town from their farm on a load of hay. During their journey hither Mr. Kallay insisted on having a smoke. During the enjoyment of this pleasure, some sparks fell from his pipe, and in less time than it takes to tell it, the hay was on fire and himself and wife had to leap to the ground to escape burning to death. The horses ran away, and luckily collided with a rock, which detached them from the burning mass. Kallay and wife sustained no injuries save a few slight bruises while leaping to the ground. The accompanying sketch is authentic, having been made by your correspondent, who witnessed the accident. J. S.

A Bridegroom Changes His Mind.

One of the most sensational actions for breach of promise of marriage that ever startled society will shortly come before the London courts. The defendant is a young Guardsman, the head of a rich country family, who, after two years' engagement, allowed the preparations for his marriage to go so far that, besides insisting upon the selection of his fiancée's wedding-dress, he ordered the wedding-cards, purchased the ring and traveling trunks (with his own initials on those of the lady,) arranged with the coach-maker for the alteration of the lady's monogram to his own on her two carriages, invited a country Vicar to come to London to marry him, and last, not least, read over the settlements to his affianced wife the night before he left town to visit his family, only four days before the intended ceremony at St. George's, Hanover Square. Since the night in question the lady has never set eyes on the man who signed himself "your loving husband" for many months previously; and in addition to a long correspondence that will be made public, the exposure of a family undercurrent which is supposed to have influenced the bridegroom-elect in his heartless conduct, will not redound to the

credit of all concerned in the accomplishment of their object.

Notable Sporting Characters.

[With Portraits.]

In compliance with the GAZETTE's programme of furnishing its readers portraits of famous sporting characters, we give place this week to James Kelly, the light weight champion boxer, and Miss Libbie Ross, the female champion boxer of America. The former, since his connection with sporting matters, has won fame for his skill and pluck, and ranks high among those who admire fistic sports. His most notable encounter was that with Frank White, in one of the longest glove fights on record. Fifty-eight rounds were fought, occupying two hours and forty minutes. Kelly came out victor with thirty-one knock-downs to his credit. He vanquished Pete Lawler in 1878, and fought a draw with McGraw in the early part of this year. If pluck and science are

of any account, Kelly's chances in the future are very bright for winning both money and renown.

Miss Libbie Ross has demonstrated very clearly that women, as well as men, can 'put up their props,' with a little practice, and do excellent work with them in the mauling line. There is probably no woman in the world who can compare with her in this line, and Miss Ross evidently is firm in this belief, as she boldly challenges anyone of her sex to try issues as to her skill with the gloves. She is at present giving exhibitions in this city.

AN UNGRATEFUL WRETCH.

Bounced From the Town by Indignant Citizens—Ruining the Home of His Benefactor—His Guilty Paramour Invited to Take a Walk, and Does so.

RUSHVILLE, Ind., April 14.—There is situated in the northwestern corner of this county a beautiful vil-

lage bearing the name of Carthage, whose inhabitants are entirely made up of Quakers. Among the residents of this town was a family by the name of Morrison, consisting of a man and wife. A near friend of Morrison came from North Carolina to Carthage, with the intention of making that locality his home. He went by the name of Thomas Capel. Mr. Morrison took him under his roof, and tendered the hospitalities of a friend and brother. After a time Mr. Morrison began to suspect that all was not right.

Finally things came to a crisis, and, instead of standing by the man who had been her protector, the woman chose the gay Lothario, who told Mr. Morrison if he didn't like the way things were running to step down and out, and he would take charge of the wife of his youth.

Strange as it may seem, the head of the family, through the fear of his life, gave up all and struck out for a new field. He laid his case before his neighbors, but with all their expostulations he would not return.

Capel held the fort until last Monday night, when about twenty of the citizens of Carthage and vicinity determined to punish him. The door of the house was broken open, but Capel had got wind of the proposed raid and skipped to the bottom. The Committee broke into a thousand pieces every piece of furniture, and some indiscreet ones heaped numerous and shameful indignities on the woman. The next day the woman left the town with the advice of friends, never again to return.

Badly Sold.

A KENTUCKY cheat has been nicely cheated. A saw-mill man paid a good price for a large walnut log supposing it to be a sound but ordinary piece of timber. When they had floated it to the mill and were taking it from the water, a plug twenty-two inches in diameter and five feet long dropped out of one end of it. The log was hollow and rotten inside, but so ingeniously plugged up that it was not discovered by the ordinary examination and measurements while it was in the water. It was designed to be a swindle on a large scale; but it turned out that the old shell was of a most beautiful variety of curled walnut, and after being sawn into lumber yielded the handsome sum of \$50, or considerably more than was paid for it. The plugging was very neatly done, and the would-be swindler was evidently experienced, but he was rather caught that time.



A COSTLY SMOKE—A FARMER WOULD HAVE A "WHIFF" WHILE DRIVING TO MARKET ON A LOAD OF HAY, ACCOMPANIED BY HIS WIFE, AND GETS A FORETASTE OF THE HEREAFTER FOR HIS INDULGENCE; ROCK RAPIDS, D. T.

MISS GARDNER

And Subsequently Mrs. Crim, a Fact
Which Has Not Increased Mr.
Crim's Happiness.

SHE KNEW MR. BARNUM

And the Acquaintance Proved to be
Productive of Misery for all
Concerned.

FOUR DAYS OF WEDDED BLISS.

SHELBYVILLE, Ind., April 16.—The circuit court room in this city presented a busy appearance to-day, being filled with a crowd enjoying the evidence in an unusually savory scandal trial. It was a suit for bastardy against John Barnum, at the relation of Mrs. Mary E. Crim, but one entirely out of the ordinary run of such cases, and both on account of the singular developments and the prominence of the parties possesses extraordinary interest for the general public. A brief sketch of the case shall first be presented for the benefit of the reader, followed by a summary of the testimony pro and con in support of the allegations of each side:

On the 21st of June last Mr. Jacob Crim was married to Miss Mary E. Gardner. Both parties reside in Union township, this county, the former being a farmer of wealth and a politician of prominence, and the lady a daughter of a well-to-do citizen in the same neighborhood. The husband was a bachelor, about forty-five years old, well known throughout the county, and quite popular with all classes. At the time of her marriage Miss Gardner was only

"SWEET SIXTEEN,"

a blonde of decided good looks, petite in form, vivacious and naturally attractive. Everybody congratulated the jolly bachelor on his good fortune in securing so young and fascinating a bride, and a long life of uninterrupted bliss was predicted for them. So matters stood for just four days, when all these dreams of bliss and contentment were rudely disturbed by a most untoward occurrence. On the 25th of June, just four days after her marriage, Mrs. Crim was delivered of a child, greatly to the astonishment of her family, and even her husband, as it was given out at the time. But as romantic and unexpected as was the addition to the Crim household, the story related by the young mother in explanation of her contretemps was still more remarkable and sensational. As soon as she recovered sufficient strength, Mrs. Crim being asked to account for her condition, told a story so strange as to challenge belief in the "immaculate conception." It was to the effect that her child was the fruit of a rape committed by John Barnum, a young man of the neighborhood, in September, 1878, the fall before her marriage. This story was repeated by Mrs. Crim on the witness-stand this evening, while being examined as the prosecuting witness against Barnum, and is presented substantially in her own words: "I was delivered of a bastard child on the 25th of June, 1879;

JOHN BARNUM IS THE FATHER

(points out the defendant); the child was begotten the very last of September, 1878; I was then living at my father's, Elias Gardner; he was living three-fourths of a mile from Manilla (Rush county); my step-mother was living at the time; there was no one there at the time but myself and defendant, John Barnum; we were in the front room; the house is on the south side of the road. He was coming along the road, and I was in the house sewing. He took hold of me and committed rape upon me. It was in the evening, and the folks had been gone about an hour. He (Barnum) remained at the house about fifteen minutes. I had been acquainted with him about two years. He had gone with me a few times before that time. The child was begotten on Thursday, at my father's house. Barnum came there about 3 o'clock p. m. The nearest neighbor in sight lived a quarter of a mile off. That was the only time I ever had intercourse with him. He was not there more than fifteen minutes. I did not consent, but made resistance," &c.

As soon as Mrs. Crim related her story steps were taken to have Barnum arrested and prosecuted for rape. This proceeding was subsequently modified into a suit for bastardy. The proceedings took place at Mrs. Crim's house, on the 29th of last June, the lady being too sick to leave her bed. Having made the necessary oath before E. W. Hester, Justice of the Peace, that John Barnum was the father of her child, he was duly arrested and bound over to Court, and the trial to-day is the final result of the proceedings.

The first witness introduced was Mrs. Jacob Crim. Her evidence in chief is presented above, and it is only necessary to state one or two additional points elicited on cross-examination: "The next Tuesday after the Thursday (on which the alleged rape was committed.—RER.) I went with my present husband to the show at Shelbyville. Never spoke to any one about the outrage committed on me by Barnum.

DID NOT SCREAM OR HALLOO.

My husband came with me when I filed this affidavit. Don't know when it was. John Barnum and I have not been on friendly terms since I became pregnant. He went with me once after that. Went home with

me from church that night; this was about a week after the outrage."

The state rested its case with the evidence of Mrs. Crim, the prosecuting witness. The defendant then introduced a number of witnesses to prove his innocence of the offense charged, of whose testimony the following summary will show the salient points:

Mrs. Julia Lewis—Live at Manilla; have known Mary Crim for ten or twelve years; lived within a mile of her during that time; am acquainted with the general moral character of Mrs. Crim in the neighborhood in which she lives; it is not good; it was not good in 1878, and is not good at this time; my feelings toward Mrs. Crim are not unkind; I have heard some talk in the neighborhood about her character since she was married; have heard the girl and her aunt speak of her within the last few weeks; have heard the majority of the people in the neighborhood speak of her character; think I have heard them since this court began.

Adaline Hawkins—Live near Manilla, in Shelby county, two and a half miles from where Mrs. Mary Crim lives; know Mrs. Crim; am acquainted with her general moral character in the neighborhood where she lives. It is not very good; John Barnum went with his brother, Dr. Barnum to his father's in Jennings county during the last of the week of the fair in 1878, and was gone nearly three weeks. He had been boarding at my house previously.

[N. B.—It was during the latter part of September, 1878, that the rape is alleged to have been committed, and the object of this and much

OTHER SIMILAR EVIDENCE

was to establish an alibi for the defendant. Much evidence was introduced to show he was out of the country during the last of September, 1878. Many of the witnesses swore that John Barnum and his brother, Dr. Barnum, went to Jennings County, the first week of September, 1878, and did not return until the last of the same month.—RER.]

Mrs. Frances Westerfield testified—Know of Jacob Crim's keeping company with Mrs. Crim (his present wife) for a year before they were married. Crim lived at his father's house nearly a year before they were married. He often passed my house with her buggy-riding and sleighing. He kept company with her before and after he went to the house of her father (Elias Gardner) to live.

John Barnum, the defendant, testified that he had not committed the alleged outrage on Mrs. Crim; was not in her father's house during September, 1878, the month it is alleged to have occurred; had no sexual intercourse with her at that time; was absent in Jennings County most of that month. In short, he denied the whole story of the prosecuting witness. After the conclusion of Barnum's evidence, Mr. Jacob Crim, husband of prosecuting witness, was placed on the stand. He testified that he had never had intercourse with her before marriage; admitted having acted as her friend during the present prosecution; brought the Justice of the Peace to her father's house when she made the affidavit, and also employed several lawyers to prosecute the case against Barnum.

At the conclusion of Mr. Crim's evidence, Court adjourned. The case will probably occupy some time, as there are a score of witnesses yet to be heard from.

FOUL PLAY.

Strong Medicine for a Homeopathist—A Philadelphia Physician Accused of Poisoning His Relatives.

[With Portraits.]

Dr. Albert Goersson, a well known Homeopathic physician, with a lucrative practice, and residing at 255 East Cumberland street, Philadelphia, Pa., has been arrested on suspicion of poisoning his wife Elizabeth. She died a short time ago, after a short illness. Her husband was away at the time of her death, and as it was not known that she had been attended by a physician, no certificate of death was got. She left an estate worth at least \$500,000.

Some of her friends, who soon began to suspect foul play, brought the attention of Deputy Coroner Beam to the matter. By his instructions Dr. Lee examined the body and made a post-mortem examination. This physician, however, could find no positive evidence of foul dealing, but he thought the stomach contained poison, and advised Deputy Beam to have an analysis of the contents made.

When the officer went to arrest Dr. Goersson the latter was half intoxicated, but sensible. On the way to the coroner's office he wanted to stop in taverns for more drink. At first he declined to deliver to the coroner the case of homeopathic medicine which he had brought from home, but he was finally induced to do so, and Dr. Lee, upon examining the case, found three small vials containing arsenic. Dr. Goersson is thirty-five years old, and has the reputation of being somewhat dissipated. He is a graduate of the institution known as the Philadelphia College of Medicine and Surgery, whose Dean, Rev. Dr. Miller, was recently expelled by the Methodist Conference for selling bogus diplomas, and one of whose trustees, the Rev. Dr. Major, was suspended from the ministry for a year because of his connection with the questionable institution.

It is but a year since Goersson was married to his poisoned wife. A week before her death her mother died, and Goersson had been his mother-in-law's attending physician also. Shortly before that Goersson's father also died suddenly. After Mrs. Goersson's death, her brother, James Souder, filed in the office of the Register of Wills a caveat against the admission of his sister's will or the granting of letters of administration.

It is alleged that since his marriage he has spent the larger part of his wife's money.

The coroner refused bail for Goersson, and sent him to prison. The bodies of Goersson's mother-in-law and his father will be disinterred at once. He gave medical attendance to both, and it is suspected that they too were poisoned by him.

A LIVELY SITUATION.

A Honeymoon Eclipsed—They Met on the Stairs—A Dual Surprise, and a Mutual Agreement—"My Wife!" "My Husband!"

[Special Correspondence of POLICE GAZETTE.]

PHILADELPHIA, Pa., April 18.—"O, woman, thy name is frailty!" Let me be charitable; let me conclude that the author was an impetuous misogynist who looked upon female kind through the spectacles of prejudice; who reversed his opinion, and picked the beautiful allegory all to pieces by putting the "saddle on the wrong horse," i. e., by decorating woman with the hoof, horns and tail of satan, and pinning the wings of an angel to the back of the sterner sex. And yet, when we read and see so much of the "ways of women," the above quotation conveys a deep significance, and while many of her little foibles may be forgiven as mere bagatelles, the fact thrusts itself irresistibly upon one that some of her "sins are a great burden," and are certain to "find her out."

But enough of moralizing. Let me to my story. I could give, were I not bound by the oath of secrecy, the full names of the participants, but I will make it intelligible "allice samee."

She was the daughter of a retired merchant—handsome, intelligent and modest. He a wealthy, prosperous business man, and in the intervals of his business cares was a devoted attendant upon his fairer amours, which culminated some three weeks since in a union of heart and hand.

The wedding was a quiet, unostentatious affair and the happy couple retired to the privacy of their handsomely furnished home, with the congratulations of the few friends assembled ringing in their ears. But alas! how soon was the honeymoon to pass into a dark eclipse, never to brighten again. They had talked of the sweets of wedded bliss, and yet, like Oliver Twist, they cried for more; and by a fatal coincidence they had both hit upon the same expedient to secure that end—yea, even unto the end of their domestic relations, and this is how it came about:

Last night, (Saturday), the 17th, your correspondent was standing under the sickly glare of a gas light on the corner of a certain fashionable street in this city of Brotherly Love (?) Philadelphia, when a stylishly-dressed lady, accompanied by a "toney" looking individual, swept majestically past and boldly ascending the steps of a magnificent looking building, two or three doors from the corner, rang the bell and were quickly admitted. Now, to the casual observer there was nothing remarkable in this, and he would have passed along without noticing the couple or even questioning their motive for entering this house. But to me it awakened a lively suspicion in my mind that "all was not right," for virtue never entered the stained-glass portals which reflected a pale, soft, yet variegated light upon the internal arrangements of this palace of iniquity.

Some thirty minutes had elapsed, perhaps, when around an opposite corner came gaily tripping a petite "daisy," and like a serpent springing from its hidden lair and fastening its deadly fangs in its victim, darted the figure of a man from amid the dark shadows of the trees. The "tumble" was instantaneous, and withal desirable, and again the door opened and shut from the inquisitive eyes of the outside world upon two illicit lovers.

Following close upon their heels was your correspondent. The brilliant light behind the lace curtains, the sweet strains of music produced by the practiced hand of one of the painted butterflies upon the piano keys, was an invitation I could not resist, and ascending the steps I gave the bell handle a vigorous pull. The bullseye in the door flew open as if by magic, and the optic of the colored sentinel surveyed the outlying post.

"Who's dar?"

"Open the door, Andy."

"Dat you, Mr. —?"

"Yes," and bending my lips to the orifice, gave him the sign.

"Dat's it, dat's de way to come," he remarked, as I passed through.

The madame met me in the spacious hall with one of her sweet smiles, "the counterfeit presentment" of virtue and innocence.

Just as I entered, the parties whom I mentioned as having last gone in, were half way up the first flight of richly carpeted stairs, and before I could reply to the salutation of the madame, a scream, stifled though it was, startled us.

Looking up I saw a couple coming down confronting the others. One of the women had fainted and was supported on the arm of her escort.

Simultaneously madame and myself rushed to the rescue.

"What is it? What has happened?" she exclaimed in a nervous, excited manner.

"My wife!"

"My husband!"

And two fingers pointed, one to the man, one to the woman.

"O, God! this is terrible!" and covering his face with his hands one of the men sank down upon the steps.

"Andy," almost screamed the madame. "Bring some water and brandy for this fainting lady!"

Andy hastened to obey the command, and soon returned with the stimulant, which soon revived the woman from her swoon. The man who held the woman on his arm turned his right arm around significantly to his pocket.

The other raised his eyes, noticed it quickly, and begged: "Don't shoot!"

"Shoot! hell and fury! No! I am as guilty as yourself. This crime of mine is black and enormous enough without having your blood upon my hands."

"Thank God," involuntarily said the madame, as she breathed a deep sigh of relief, and who evidently anticipated a tragic end to the amour.

Here indeed, was a case worthy of a better pen than mine to describe it. Two husbands had exchanged wives, and two wives their husbands. They had all previously been intimate friends. The shade of suspicion had never fell upon their lives—which were supposed to be virtuous, Christian and exemplary; but they heeded not the injunction, "Be sure your sins will find you out," and there was a mutual unmasking of hypocrisy right there on the stairs of an assignation house.

Overcome by confusion, shame and remorse, the attitudes and silent expressions of countenance of all the parties concerned formed an interesting tableau, and one which I will not be likely to forget soon.

Whether a separation will ensue from this night's folly, or whether there will be a mutual adjustment of the affair, and forgiveness all around I am unable to say, but certain it is there will be a vigilant watch set upon the conduct of all concerned, and should they be so indiscreet as to again disturb the sacredness of their domestic relations by such indulgence in illicit antics, you may be sure of getting their names.

LYNX EYE.

A Lively Passenger.

[Subject of Illustration.]

There was a very unusual amount of commotion in one of the rear cars attached to the 5:40 up train on the Sixth avenue branch of the Metropolitan Elevated Railroad the other evening. At Rector street a medium-sized, swarthy complexioned man, evidently an Italian, entered the car carrying in the left hand a peculiar-looking little cage made of bamboo and other cane woods. In it was a young parrot. The right hand of the man was held closely to his breast, and his coat was so buttoned as to at once show he was nestling something closely from sight. He quickly made his way to one of the seats capable of holding two persons. He placed the cage beneath the seat and then gave his attention to his breast. The majority of those who boarded the train were business men, with a sprinkling of modest-looking shop-girls. At Grand street a richly attired young lady, with a very frail form, entered and secured a seat a little way from the Italian. As the train sped on the Italian attracted attention by delivering short speeches to the something which he

HELD BENEATH HIS COAT.

It was soon discovered that it was a monkey, which appeared to be very fidgety at its close quarters. In some manner the cord around the monkey's neck was broken and he immediately scampered here and there, trying to get out from his crowded quarters. The poor Italian was in a perfect frenzy. He yelled for the men to keep quiet and close the door. The monkey made its way along the car beneath the seats to the front before the crowd of big, sturdy men at the door knew it, and all, for the moment, was quiet.

THEN A SQUEAL

went up right at the feet of those about the door, some one had stepped on the monkey's paw. He scrambled about the legs in his progress, and as each one was touched, its owner would spasmodically shout, "There it is, there it is." At last the monkey gained full possession of the rear portion of the car, and climbing upon a seat, sat trembling on the window sill. The Italian was in a fearful state of excitement, but coolly waited his chance to catch the animal. He approached it, as it sat on the sill, and speaking in Italian, began to coax it to come to him. The monkey showed its teeth in defiance. All at once the Italian made a dash to clutch it, but the monkey bit at his hands and then ran toward the crowd again. They madly ran back to the rear of the car, and as they did so, the monkey leaped at the richly dressed lady, its paws catching in the pocket of her sack. The lady turned her head away, and acting as if she momentarily expected her flesh to be torn to pieces, rapidly stamped her feet on the floor and exclaimed: "Oh, oh, oh, take him away before I faint." The Italian finally made a dash, and, securing the monkey, fastened a strong cord about its neck and replaced it beneath his coat. At the Clinton place station he took his pets and marched out. A sigh of relief was given by those in the car, and all was again serene.

Keep Your Eyes Open!

Description of John Broomfield and wife, supposed murderers of the woman recently found four miles south of Big Lake, Whitman county, W. T.:

His description:—Height, 5 feet, 7 or 8 inches; very slim; will weigh about 135 or 140 pounds; small moustache, light, slightly sandy; 25 or 26 years of age; dark brown hair, very thin; long scar on center of forehead, pink birth-mark around it; left ear clipped; dark scar; scar on right side of head, well up and back; no hair on it; when he is sitting, holds his head down and chews moustache; when last seen was dressed in dark suit of yellowish-brown color; wore striped blue and brown shirt, and answers to the name of John Broomfield.

Her description:—Height, 5 feet, 3 or 4 inches; very straight and slender; medium waisted; brunette; dark hazel eyes and rather small; teeth short and close together; wears about No. 1½ shoe, instep very high; natural dent in forehead, well up; brown hair; medium length, banged; claims to have come from Kansas City, Mo.

A reward of \$800 will be paid for the arrest and conviction of the guilty parties.

R. A. TRAX.

Sheriff of Whitman County, W. T.

Colfax, W. T. April 5, 1880.

CHARLOTTE, Mich., April 17.—Nancy Wright, wife of Lafayette Wright, was arrested on Thursday by Under Sheriff Whittum, charged with adultery committed with a young man named Peck. The complaint was made by the husband of the woman, who is now in jail here. She is twenty-one years of age, and of more than ordinary personal attractions.

VICTORIA'S SAD FATE.

Murdered in the Midst of Happiness
and Plenty for no Apparent
Cause Whatever.

THE CUSTODIAN OF SECRETS.

A Family in Whose Household
Were Concealed Many Hide-
ous Skeletons.

WHERE, OH WHERE HAS JOLLY GONE?

DECATUR, Ga., April 15.—A quiet neighborhood lying to the south of this town has been the scene of a tragedy, the history of which is stranger than fiction.

A year ago there was living in the country near here a buxom, handsome young girl, Victoria Norris by name. She was a splendid specimen of the rosy cheeked, graceful country girl, and, of course, had many admirers. She had given her heart, however, to a young fellow of fine character named Weaver, and the two were betrothed. Miss Norris lived with a Mr. James Jolly, where she was a help about the house, and a sort of companion to Mrs. Jolly. She was a great favorite in the neighborhood, and the Jollys bore irreproachable characters.

About ten months ago Miss Norris disappeared from the neighborhood in which she lived. At the same time Mr. Jolly went away, but he returned in a few days. When asked about Victoria he stated that he had taken her to Buckhead, a little place some forty miles away, to some relatives. There was great surprise felt at the suddenness of her departure, and some was expressed. Her lover

WAS ESPECIALLY SUSPICIOUS.

He said that he had escorted her from church the Sunday before she left, and had remained with her at Jolly's house until 10 o'clock at night. When he left she expressed no determination of leaving, but, on the contrary, made an engagement to go to church with him on the following Sunday. He felt sure that if she had intended going away the next morning she would have told him of it, and asked his advice about it. He knew nothing of her departure until the following Sunday evening, when he called for her by appointment. Upon entering the house he asked for her. Mr. Jolly, to whom he put the question, showed much grief and confusion, and left the house without replying. Mr. Jolly soon came in, and told Weaver that he had taken Victoria with him to Buckhead the Monday previous. He had no explanation to make of her sudden departure, and declined to talk about it.

The suspicion grew stronger, until at last Jolly exhibited a letter written apparently in Miss Norris' handwriting, and postmarked Buckhead. In this letter Miss Norris asked that her trunk be forwarded to her. Upon exhibiting this letter suspicion was quieted, and Weaver wrote to his sweetheart at Buckhead. Receiving no reply to his letter in several weeks, he called on Jolly to know what the matter was. Jolly stated that Victoria had left Buckhead and gone to Rutledge. Weaver addressed letters to that point, but heard nothing. Upon being taxed again, Jolly said she had left Rutledge and had gone to Decatur. And so the search went on for months, no one suspecting that there had been

MURDER IN THE MATTER.

At length some boys who were hunting discovered a brush-heap near Jolly's house which had been partially burned. Something about the location of the heap excited their suspicion, and they tore it away and began scraping about among the ashes. They soon found some hinges, a lock and key. These they exhibited to some of the neighbors. Some one who saw them identified them as belonging to Victoria Norris' trunk, and a closer search was made in the heap. A number of brass tacks were found, and it was established clearly that some trunk had been burned in that heap, and, upon investigation, the pieces were identified as belonging to Miss Norris' trunk.

Of course, this excited the greatest suspicion, but the character of the Jollys was such that no one even yet suspected that they had been guilty of murdering the poor girl. A search was made of the premises, however, and away off in a thick clump of woods there was found a new-made hole, partially filled up. The dirt was removed from this hole in the presence of the coroner, and carefully searched. Nothing was found except a long hair, evidently from a woman's head. This was found about three feet below the surface of the ground, and there were persons present who claimed that they identified it as from Victoria Norris' head. The presumption of such persons was that the

GIRL HAD BEEN MURDERED.

and had been buried there and afterward exhumed. It was discovered, also, that no trunk had been sent from any depot along the railroad to Miss Norris.

At this juncture of affairs Jolly left the country in haste, and his wife followed soon after. There is now little doubt that the poor girl was murdered, though for what reason cannot be divined. There was never any suspicion that Jolly was her lover, and it has been proved that she was not pregnant within one month of her disappearance. There are some people who believe that Jolly had been a criminal of the deepest dye for years, and that Victoria knew of his villainies, and he, fearing that she would tell her

husband of them after they were married, determined to murder her before the marriage took place. The Governor has issued a warrant for Jolly and offered a reward, and the detectives have gone after him.

LIFE UNDERCURRENTS OF PROMINENT ACTORS.

What They Are and What They Have Been—How the Famous English Actress, Ellen Terry, Differs from Sarah Bernhardt—The Latter Thinks American and English Men Like to be Shocked.

LONDON, April 7.—I suppose not one in a thousand of Henry Irving's admirers (if even that proportion) knows that the great actor is a married man. He lives in

BACHELOR ELEGANCE

in Bond street—that is to say, in the heart of artistic London, the thoroughfare in whose every window there is some striking form of costly beauty. It is the street in which all the most celebrated picture galleries are gathered; all the wondrous jewelry shops where present-day wealth can not only purchase what is most brilliant in contemporaneous goldsmith's work, but can also provide itself with the mounted gems which have the flavor of family history. Here also is the rare china to be bought, the most exquisite foreign statuary; every expression, in brief, of the yearnings of the most cultivated taste is procurable here. Upon this delightful lounging thoroughfare Henry Irving's windows look, and the privileged set who visit him cannot fail to envy him his luxurious surroundings, where, without a suggestion of the carking cares of

FAMILY LIFE,

he enjoys to the full his hours of repose undisturbed, one would suppose, by any anxiety whatsoever. But, as usual, there is a dark background to the brilliant picture. He has long been separated from his wife, and within the last week, I am told, a citation has been served upon him to appear in the divorce court. The petition has been filed, but the general impression is that it will never come to trial, but that a satisfactory arrangement will be made with this great man's wife. I hear that for the first time the Baroness Burdett-Gentles has shown her pet actor signs of displeasure. It appears she did not think

ELLEN TERRY

was suitable for the part of *Portia*, and desired Irving to engage some more staid and heavy person for it. But Ellen Terry's *Portia* has captured the town, and it is precisely in the court-room scene that she is most exquisite. It is an old-fashioned idea that some ponderous personality must enact the witching heroine of "The Merchant of Venice" simply because Shakespeare has put into her mouth the sweet logic of the famous play: "The quality of mercy is not strained; it droppeth as the gentle dew from heaven upon the place beneath; it is twice blessed," &c. The more fascinating the lips from which these noble lines issue, the more delightful they seem. Pictures of Ellen Terry in legal cap and gown, and with her finger upraised, delivering the wondrously acute decree—that the Jew shall have his pound of flesh, but must not spill one drop of blood, because that privilege is not mentioned in the bond—are selling in enormous numbers in the shops. They give a good idea of her curious style of beauty. It is an

HONEST LOVELINESS,

which would (or should) make a woman of the fashionable stamp of fiery turn pale. She is married to an insignificant and particularly ugly man, but who proves himself a good actor when he gets a chance to play anything. His name is Charles Kelly. He is no mean painter, besides, and some of his work appears in "The Dramatic Gallery" now open. The early part of Ellen Terry's life is full of sad episodes, of a sort that moves a tender heart to pity, though a merciless moralist would, no doubt, condemn her without a hearing. When little more than a child, before she had had an opportunity to show what she could do, she was rushed into a marriage with a man old enough to be her father, because it was supposed to be a good match in the material sense. The consequence was that the first time

SHE FELL IN LOVE

she ran away with the individual without so much as "by your leave." She has two children, the offspring of this love, from whom, if I understand the story aright, she was dragged away by justly outraged relations when her artistic ability was becoming so imposing that all eyes were on her and all tongues discussing her.

"But why did she marry Kelly?" I asked at the theatre the other night, when the loveliness of this syren was hidden from our enchanted eyes by the act-drop.

"Why," replied my informant, a woman-about-town, who knows everything, "to become an honest woman at last."

A strange device, upon my faith, and scarcely efficacious, I should say. But there is this difference between Ellen Terry and

SARAH BERNHARDT.

The English actress keeps aloof from the world, and scarcely any one except her fellow-players knows her; while Bernhardt's appreciation of her moral frailty is absolutely nil, and with the most consummate aplomb she elbows her way among the noblest and purest women wherever permitted. An artistic friend writes us from Paris that the other night Sarah was discoursing in the most unadulterated language of Zola behind the scenes, when Croisette, who is really a stately and dignified person, put her hands to her ears. "Pour l'amour de Dieu!" she cried, "have some decorum! Remember this is the Comedie Francaise, not the Odeon." "When the Comedie Francaise wishes to dispense with my services," replied the wonderful little multifarious genius, "it has only to let me know. England and America are awaiting me. They enjoy being shocked.—*Oliver Logan in Cincinnati Enquirer.*

TOTAL DEPRAVITY.

A Thrilling Tale of Illicit, Unnatural
Love, Fostered by Crime, and End-
ing in Murder.

A short account of the murder of Mrs. F. Shanks by her paramour, Broomfield, at Colfax, Washington Territory, was published in last week's GAZETTE. Mrs. Broomfield, his deserted wife, furnishes further particulars of the circumstances which led up to the tragedy. The murdered woman was the wife of Broomfield's stepson. Her maiden name was Edrington, and she was formerly a resident of what is known as the "Six Mile" country below Independence. She was married to Mrs. Broomfield's son, Frank Shanks, in the fall of 1876 and the couple soon afterwards removed to the Broomfield residence, near Westport, where they intended to live permanently. The young wife was about sixteen years of age, very pretty and of such an affectionate nature that the love of her husband did not suffice her. Unfortunately Broomfield fell madly in love with her and, strange to say, the unnatural affection was returned with even more ardor.

Up to this time Broomfield had been noted throughout the county as a hardworking, upright citizen. He owned several fine farms, and was very wealthy for a farmer. He was a

MODEL HUSBANDMAN,

thrifty and energetic, but when the fatal passion took possession of him he sank principle, lost energy, and abandoned himself to plotting the consummation of his guilty love. The couple became so bold in their amour that Mrs. Broomfield demanded that the girl leave the house, and the injured husband, also suspecting his wife's shame, solved the difficulty and prevented an open rupture by emigrating to Texas, taking the young wife with him. They made this removal in February, 1877, and remained until September 4, when Frank was induced by Broomfield to testify in a law suit which Mrs. Broomfield had instituted to recover her dower rights in her father's estate. Broomfield paid all expenses, under the impression that Frank would bring his wife back, but when this plan failed, he hatched

A DEVILISH PLOT

to bring the object of his lustful desires within his reach.

Soon after Frank's return he was surprised by receiving information that a warrant was out for him on the charge of rape. Broomfield was the cause of the warrant being issued, and he further spread reports that Shanks had outraged Miss Edrington, Mrs. Shanks' sister, until public feeling ran so high that Shanks was obliged to take to the brush. Broomfield communicated with him constantly, and managed so shrewdly that the deluded man imagined him to be his only friend. Finally the plotter advised and persuaded the victim to send for his wife, who could act as a mediator between her husband and the Edringtons. The wife came and was taken to her father's, where she was

KEPT AS A MISTRESS

by Broomfield, while the husband was sent traveling under the impression that he was a hunted man. Strange as it may seem, this deception was practiced successfully for over two years, until the victim of a father's treachery and a wife's infidelity became completely broken down in health from exposure and anxiety.

At this time Broomfield had a boon companion named A. J. or Bud Thomas, who was the lover of a girl named Nannie Broden, a near neighbor of the Edringtons. On August 18, 1879, this couple and Frank Shanks' wife

MYSTERIOUSLY DISAPPEARED

and were not heard of definitely until within the last week, when they passed through Kansas City with a large amount of money, on their way home. When Mrs. Shanks disappeared she went with Thomas and his girl to Colorado, where she was to meet Broomfield, but the latter could not get away, and after waiting a month she returned. Broomfield kept her part of the time on Grand avenue, in this city, and made preparations for flight. He sent her West and sold out his stock and land, telling his wife that his health demanded a change of climate and that he would go to Colorado, buy a stock ranch, and send for her, while she, in the meantime, could visit her friends in Kentucky, for which he gave her \$500 to pay expenses. He fitted out a wagon on October 7, and left for the West

WITH \$20,000 IN CASH

in his pocket.

Mrs. Broomfield accidentally learned his plans and started to overtake him, stopping in Kansas City to file suit for divorce. She overtook him at Council Grove, Kas., but did not succeed in getting any money. She then returned and calling her son Frank from his hiding place, settled down on a little farm over the Blue, where she now resides.

Mrs. Broomfield says that she has received information that the woman fell in love with Thomas, and gave him a great deal of Broomfield's money, after which she fell in love with another man and was killed by her paramour in a fit of jealous rage. The narrator of the story is a fine looking, well-educated woman, forty-nine years of age, and the mother of six children. She married her perillous husband in 1866, she being the widow of William Shanks, a brother of Col. Dave Shanks, the notorious border rough rider. She is the daughter of Dr. Pendleton, who practiced at Hickman's Mills, years ago, and is well known to the older residents of the county.

Jesse Billings.

[With Portrait.]

A jury was obtained in the Billings trial at Ballston Spa early in the week, and the case was begun. Sev-

eral witnesses testified as to the domestic relations of the Billings, their testimony for the most part having no important bearing on the case. The counsel for the defendant will undoubtedly follow the same plea as in the previous trial—that their client was absent when the fatal shot was fired, and knew nothing about it. It will be remembered by readers of the GAZETTE that Mrs. Billings was shot through the head while sitting in her parlor by some one outside. The case is likely to prove long and interesting, and its issue will be closely watched.

MISS CARY, OF BABYLON,

Brings Suit Against a Prominent Church-
man and a Philanthropist of New
York—She Christened the Baby Royal
Phelps.

Miss Louise Cary, of Babylon, Long Island, has brought suit in the supreme court of this city against Mr. Royal Phelps, alleging seduction and asking \$50,000 damages. Mr. Phelps is a very wealthy merchant and public-spirited citizen of New York. He has long been noted for his many benevolences, is very active in supporting several of the leading charities of the city, is a director of the Academy of Music, and is, in short, one of New York's leading citizens. He is about sixty-five years old, and is a widower. Miss Cary is nineteen years old, and is the daughter of James Cary, a workman recently in the employ of Mr. Phelps as the keeper of his fish-ponds, on his estate on Long Island. Mr. Phelps, through his attorney, says that the charges are utterly false; that Louise Cary and her father are trying to levy blackmail, and that he has letters written by Miss Cary, in which she acknowledges that the father of her child is another person entirely. The girl tells the following story:

I first met Mr. Phelps in the spring of 1875, when my father went to take charge of his fish-ponds. I was then going on fifteen. Mr. Phelps used to come out on Saturdays and remain till Monday morning. He seemed to take a great fancy to my sister and myself. He treated me in quite a paternal manner.

OFTEN KISSING ME.

Mr. Phelps seemingly came to take such an interest in us that he asked us to go to his town house in New York whenever we were in the city. We got into the habit of calling there frequently and staying over night. On Saturday evening, the 18th of October, 1877, being detained in New York in the evening, my sister and I went to Mr. Phelps' house, at No. 22 East Sixteenth street. We ate with the housekeeper, and afterward went and talked with Mr. Phelps. As we were about to retire, Mr. Phelps called the housekeeper, and told her to put us in the front room on the second floor, the floor upon which his own bedroom was, which communicated with ours by a folding door. We retired about 10 o'clock. About 10:30 Mr. Phelps opened the door between his bed-room and ours and came in. Taking me by the hand, he told me to get up, and when I was out on the floor took me into his own room. On Sunday I got up at about 8 o'clock, and went to church with the housekeeper. In the evening Mr. Phelps saw and talked with me again before he went to church, and afterward I again went to his room. On Monday morning before we went away, Mr. Phelps gave me \$20 and my sister \$10. After that I did not see Mr. Phelps until the 3d of November, when I accompanied my father to New York, and called upon him, and remained at his house until the following morning. Two weeks after this, mother, becoming suspicious, questioned me, and then I told her what had happened. She at once made me write to Mr. Phelps and tell him what I feared, and the following Sunday he came up to see us. He had a bundle of letters in his hand when he came in, which he told mother had been written by me to him.

IN WHICH I CONFESSED

that a person whose name was Charley Smith was to blame for my condition. I was not present when he made this statement. Later, when I came in, we had a deal of discussion, and finally he wanted mother to take \$100, which he offered her. Then he came over to where I was sitting and made me take the \$100. The next Saturday he came again. Mother and he had some words, as he insisted upon again asking her the question who had got me into trouble. Afterward he told us of the hospital at Fifty-first street and Lexington avenue, whither I was, he said, to go when I became sick. A fortnight after this he gave mother \$50 and me \$15, with a remark to me that that was my allowance. On the 26th of May, 1878, I entered the Nursery and Child's hospital. I was there so long before the time when I expected to be sick to avoid any possibility of any of my friends or the neighbors learning or surmising of my condition. It was August before I was sufficiently recovered to be able to leave the hospital with my baby, who was a stout, healthy boy, whom I had christened Royal Phelps. During my sickness Mr. Phelps wrote me two letters, inclosing money for my expenses. With each of these he sent a printed envelope addressed to himself, with a request that I should send his letter to me back in it. When I left the hospital the baby was taken by my sister Mary to the founding asylum on Sixty-eighth street. I sent it there because I was told to do so, and because I knew not what else to do with it. Though I wrote Mr. Phelps several times after my return home, he took no notice of my letters. Father then began a suit against him for the loss of my services. After some discussion Mr. Phelps agreed to give father \$500 if he would move off the estate. He emphatically declared that it was not given him on account of any injury he might have sustained on my account. After we removed I wrote him several times, but he took no notice. Six months ago I went one morning to his residence and called upon him. He refused to recognize me. Finding that he still refused to do anything for me, I advised with my friends, who suggested to me to bring this suit against Mr. Phelps.



A DISGRACEFUL SCENE—A CHICAGO CORONER AND UNDERTAKER CLAIM THE PRIOR RIGHT TO DISPOSE OF A CORPSE, AND OUTRAGE DECENTY BY WRANGLING OVER THE REMAINS AT THE FUNERAL.—SEE PAGE 10.



A LIVELY PASSENGER—A MONKEY IN THE POSSESSION OF AN ITALIAN, ESCAPES FROM ITS OWNER WHILE RIDING ON THE ELEVATED ROAD, AND "ANTICS" AROUND TO THE DISMAY OF THE OCCUPANTS OF THE CAR; NEW YORK CITY.—SEE PAGE 6.



HURLED TO DEATH—A MOTHER ATTEMPTS TO PREVENT HER HUSBAND FROM PUNISHING THEIR BOY, AND IS THROWN FROM THE LADDER WHILE CLIMBING UP TO WHERE THEY ARE, AND KILLED; WARREN C. H., VA.—SEE PAGE 4.



MANUFACTURING PRETTY NOSES—THE LATEST FEMININE FREAK OF VANITY—INDULGED IN BY LADIES WHOM NATURE HAS GIVEN PUG, ROMAN, GRECIAN, ETC., NOSES, FOR BEAUTIFYING THAT IMPORTANT PORTION OF THEIR PHYSIOGNOMY—INSERTING THE PATENT EXTENSOR.—SEE PAGE 12.



NEW YORK'S GAS-LIT LIFE—MIDNIGHT PICTURES OF METROPOLITAN SIGHTS, SCENES AND CHARACTERS—THE MOONSHINERS OF NEW YORK—WORKING AN ILLICIT "STILL" IN OPPOSITION TO UNCLE SAM—THE PRETTY DAUGHTER OF A MOONSHINER TACKLES A DETECTIVE, AND BY A CLEVER TWIST, ON THE GRÆCO-ROMAN PLAN, PREVENTS HIM FROM PENETRATING THE LAIR OF THE CROOKED WHISKY MAKER—SAMPLING THE "BREW" WITH THE "QUEEN OF THE STILL" AS ENTERTAINER.—[SKETCHED FROM LIFE BY GAZETTE ARTISTS.—SEE PAGE 14.]

NEGRO VOODOOISM.

The "Charms," Superstitions and Vagaries of the Colored People.

THE POWER OF IMAGINATION.

Doctors Who Cure Without Medicine and Kill Without Compunction.

THE SERVANTS OF THE DEVIL.

The belief in Voodooism is deep and widespread among the negroes of the Southern States. To say that all of them have faith in it would be to overstate the case, still in most country neighborhoods there may be found at least one Voodoo man or woman, and the profession of Voodoo doctor or dealer in counter-charms for the mysterious maladies which baffle the skill of regular physicians is by no means a sinecure. Like other black arts its practice is secret. Its votaries and victims alike guard it jealously from the whites, among whom it forms a stock subject for ridicule. Now and then a wide-awake newspaper correspondent unearths some fresh story of witchcraft, or the hand of justice, groping for a criminal, finds the mesh of Voodooism woven into the tangled web of crime; and the local newspapers cry out with one accord that the negro race is relapsing into barbarism and is given over to the worship of the devil.

UNDER THE SPELL.

Exactly what this African shadow is probably no white man knows, but the negro who believes in it places no limits to its power. Let him once be persuaded that he has fallen under its spell, that, as the Virginia darkies say, he is "tricked," and he is doomed to death unless he can find some physician, his confidence in whose skill exceeds his dread of his enemy. No other magic works so subtly; the fruit of a tree, nay, the very waters of a spring, may be poisoned for the destined victim alone, while all other men eat and drink with impunity. The Voodoo charm buried beneath his doorstep shall nail him to his chair with paralysis, while his wife and children pass over it with perfect safety. An ointment rubbed secretly on the handle of his hoe or the helve of his axe shall poison his life blood by slow degrees; or the evil eye cast upon him shall bring all his purposes and plans to naught.

That the negroes poison each other no one who has lived among them can doubt; indeed, cases of conviction of such crimes are not rare. The poisons they use are rarely those of the chemist, however, and many an old crone among them is familiar with every herb and root found in field and forest of the Southern States. But apart from this deaths often occur from sheer force of imagination. He who is convinced that the death angel is on his track has short lease of life.

The writer has seen a strong man in the prime of youth dying by inches from no disease that the doctors could classify or cure; with paralysis slowly creeping from limb to limb until at last he could only move his eyes. After his death his colored nurse told, in a whisper and under promise of secrecy, the cause of his sickness: A Voodoo man in the neighborhood had made an image of him, and, wrapping it in a garment stolen from him, had buried it. As the image decayed so the victim had wasted away until both had ceased to exist.

A MARVELOUS CURE.

A colored woman, of considerable intelligence and able to read a little, came to me one day with a marvelous story of disease and cure. Another woman had suffered for weeks with a "misery in her inside," and on application to a Voodoo doctor of high repute had been furnished with a lotion to be rubbed on the seat of the pain and a drink to be taken internally. The use of the prescription had been persevered in for a day or two, when the patient vomited a quart of hairy worms, and was instantly relieved. "Now," said the narrator, "how dem worms git thar if some-body didn't put 'em thar?" "M." I said, mildly, "do you believe that?" "Well, my mistis," was the answer, "I can't 'clare to it, 'cause I warn't thar, but the woman that tole me is a member of the church, an' I know she wanten gwine to tell me no lie 'bout it."

The Voodoo doctors must not be confounded with the Voodoo men and women whose mischief it is their mission to counteract. The two trades are rarely combined in one person, and the doctor may be a respectable member of society, while on the other hand the Voodoo man is accused, an outcast, as were the witches spoken of in the Bible. They are regarded as given over to the devil, and fearful stories are told of how the fiend has come in person to seize the soul of his servants. Only people eminent for piety dare watch by the death-bed of such a one, and his grave is always haunted by the restless spirit which cannot hope for peace in another world.

A VOODOO DOCTOR AT WORK.

A physician residing in an adjacent county, who, like most of his brethren hereabouts, has an extensive charity practice among the colored people, on visiting a colored woman afflicted with dropsy, a short time since, found that a Voodoo doctor had been called in. He was invited to stay and witness the ceremonies, and through strong curiosity did so.

The quack performed some mysterious mummeries and then, ripping open the pillows on which the sick woman lay produced some odd-shaped knots of feathers. These, he said, were the "trick" which had caused all the mischief, and he proceeded to burn them, making a nauseous smell and stifling smoke. This done, he propounded a certain cure. The patient died within a few days, but both she and her colored friends were persuaded that it was only because the Voodoo doctor had been called in too late.

A great part of the trade of these doctors consists in the sale of charms to be worn as a protection against diseases caused by Voodooism or against ill luck produced by the evil eye. These charms are of various sorts, snake bones, "eye of newt and toe of frog," snake or seneca root, which last is any regular practitioners recommend as a preventive against malarial fevers; mysterious powders, the composition of which no man knows, and herbs gathered at midnight, some on the increase of the moon, some on its decrease, and others when the moon is at the full. Since patients in higher circles are often healed by bread pills of imaginary and even of nervous disorders, it is hardly strange that these Voodoo doctors work many cures. One of their charms is the drawing a magic circle around a house and burying something at the four corners, under the hearth-stone and under the door-step. This done, the negroes believe that no conjurman (i. e., the Voodoo man) can work the inmates ill.

A singular inconsistency in this belief in conjuration is that while the very waters of a perennial spring may be poisoned for one person, and for no one else, still the "trick" may sometimes go astray and light on an unintended victim. For instance, I knew a colored woman who was an incurable cripple, lamed for life by an attack of white swelling when she was a small child. The negroes in the neighborhood all believed firmly that this affliction was due to the carelessness of her mother, a reputed Voodoo woman, who, after mixing some of her "conjurings," failed to wash her hands before taking the child, and so majomed it beyond her skill to heal. For, strangely enough, in most cases these witches are believed to be wholly unable to undo the mischief they cause and have no antidotes for their poisons; servants of the devil, they are powerful only for evil. Nor is it possible for every one who wishes to attain this black art; the gift is for the few, and he who desires to bewitch an enemy and has not the power must seek some one who has. To do so is a sin within the pale of forgiveness; here, at least, the receiver of stolen goods is less guilty than the thief—the Voodoo man belongs beyond redemption to the master he serves.

FETTER WORSHIP.

The question of fetter worship among the negroes is one which has been discussed. Possibly, nay, probably, it exists to some extent among the blacks in the rice swamps and canebrakes of the far South; but in Virginia, at least, it is wholly unknown, and the Voodoo charms or "conjure bags," worn by superstitious negroes, are no more worshipped by them than is some patent medicine by the chronic invalid, who pins his hopes of health on its virtues. If he loses the bag he buys another for fifty cents or less, and is none the worse thereby, except for the pecuniary loss.

The negroes are, as a rule, very much afraid of each other, and this fear is often a source of annoyance to Southern housekeepers. Their unwillingness to take each other's places sometimes renders it difficult to get rid of a servant who does not wish to leave, since another will not come in her place until it is understood that she must go under any circumstances. I have myself been obliged to assure an incompetent cook that if the choice lay between herself and nobody I should still discharge her. Even then her successor came reluctantly, and when she arrived there was liberal use in the kitchen of salt and red pepper, potent charms against Voodooism, and the back gate was kept locked with unwonted care. "I don't believe in 'tricking' myself, ma'am," said the new cook; "but I don't like the looks of that ooman, and we are all pore creeters, you know, ma'am."

COLD-BLOODED AH LUNG.

Digging a Grave for his Victim, and Then Committing the Crime.

SAN FRANCISCO, April 26.—The popular feeling against the Chinese is intensified by the discovery of a murder, that for cold-blooded deliberation is scarcely equalled in the annals of crime of the Pacific slope. The murderer is a Chinaman named Ah Lung and his victim a man named Severance. The body of Severance was discovered in a woodshed near Ah Lung's house, and the Chinaman has confessed that he killed Severance by striking him on the head with an ax while the latter was milking a cow. Ah Lung placidly states that the murder was planned a long time before and that he had already prepared a grave for his victim in order that he might quickly and effectually conceal his body. The Chinaman dug the grave underneath the spot where was located the nest of a setting hen. He removed the nest to dig the grave, and when he buried Severance replaced it in order to more completely cover up any trace of the crime. The spot was strewn with rubbish and all the surroundings made to appear as before the removal of the earth. This was accomplished so artfully as to completely mislead those who were conducting the search for Severance's remains. Detectives from the city joined in the search and decided to begin at the spot where Severance was last seen alive. While they were lingering in the vicinity of the shed their attention was attracted by the odor of the decaying body, and it was unearthed. The excitement in San Celito is so great that it is feared the Chinaman will be lynched and the authorities have taken extraordinary precautions to protect him.

Here is an argument for cremationists: A. D. 1900. Scene in a cremation undertaker's shop. Small boy with a pail: "I say, sir, is dad done yet? If he is, will you please put his ashes in this 'ere tin kettle."

THE GAZETTE MUSEUM.

A Collection of Curious Facts, Fancies and Figures, Specially Prepared for Inquisitive Readers.

It has been decided by a Georgia court that kissing another man's wife is aggravated assault and battery. At Decatur last week a case of this kind came before Judge Speers, who instructed the jury to return a verdict of assault and battery and then sentenced the criminal to a fine of \$200 or six months on the chain gang.

MELISSA ANN WOODBURY was ready to go riding with a young man at Winchester, Ind., and sat waiting at the window at the appointed time. But, instead of keeping his engagement, the faithless fellow rode boldly past with another girl. That night his barn, containing his horse and carriage, was burned, and Melissa is under arrest as the incendiary.

A RAILROAD train met with what might have been called a shipwreck, on the shore of Lake Erie. A storm raised the water over the tracks and put out the fire in the locomotive; a heavy sea dashed against the cars, breaking their sides, and a floating box car carried away the cab of the engine by a collision; and finally the passengers were taken to the shore on a raft made of ties and boards.

ONE man with the suicidal mania has come to the conclusion that it is foolish to attempt self-murder—Captain Antonio Andis, the captain of the brig Augustina that went ashore off Long Branch in the heavy gale of the 2d of February last. The captain was so chagrined at the loss of his vessel that he put a big Queen Anne's pistol to his head and fired. The ball hit him, but did not kill him, and Captain Andis is now out of the New York Hospital, declaring that he will never again try to kill himself, having suffered so much agony from his attempt.

A CHEYENNE man will bet on anything. Two of 'em put up \$5 apiece on a wager that one could hold a wasp in his hand longer than the other could, and the fellow who rubbed chloroform on his hand expected to win, but the other fellow happened to know that male wasps don't sting and got one of that sex, and they grabbed their wasps and sat and smiled at each other while the crowd wondered, until the chloroform evaporated, and then the fellow who used it suddenly let go of his wasp and let the audience into the secret.

A SPANISH peasant, living in the vicinity of Madrid, in a petty quarrel killed an aged woman and would have murdered her daughter also had not the latter succeeded in making her escape. Thinking himself robbed of a great pleasure by the girl's escape, he revenged himself by repeatedly stabbing the corpse of the mother. Singularly enough, remorse preyed so quickly upon his mind that he immediately hanged himself. But the rope broke, and he would, in all probability, have survived his attempt at suicide had he not broken his skull in the fall. On a post mortem examination the man was found to have two hearts instead of one, both being of regular size and presenting no peculiarity of any kind.

CAPTAIN CHASE of Portland, Me., is regarded as ordinarily a truthful man. He commands the brig Yedora Rionda, and writes from Matanzas that he has seen a serpent. "It was a few minutes before noon," he says, "when I saw, about 200 yards ahead of us, the monster rear his head and part of his body, about 50 feet in all—its head being about 16 feet out of the water, at an angle of about 15 degrees—and suddenly dip it again, which operation it repeated three times ere I lost sight of it. Judging from the portion which I saw, the animal could not have been less than 100 feet long, and about the size of a molasses hoghead in the middle. Its head and jaws had a flat, square appearance, and by no means an inviting look for a very near approach."

SHADOWED BY A WOMAN.

Strange Infatuation of a Woman for a Lecturer—Leaving Home and Following Him for Twelve Months, a Distance of Three Thousand Miles.

[With Portraits.]

The following story sounds much like a tale of romance; but, strange and unreal as it may seem, it is but the recital of a sad reality without the gilded polish of idealism. The cynic may scoff at woman's love and disappointed husbands and lovers may compare it to the inconstancy of the winds of heaven, but if the real truth could be known and appreciated by the doubting masses of mankind, a woman's true love is as strong as death and as constant as the returning tide. The very chambers of her soul are filled with the music of love, as the brightest, sweetest dreams of her childhood are at last fulfilled, and many instances are on record where she has sacrificed home, friends, husbands, honor, children and all for the object of her idolatry. The following sketch will serve to illustrate the above remarks:

A few weeks ago Professor Houser, a phrenologist, lectured at Joplin, Mo. During the course of the evening he left the stage rather abruptly, and when he returned, a few moments afterward, his face was pale and agitated. To this little incident hangs as strange a story as was ever penned by the hand of poet or novelist. It was merely by accident that the following facts were ascertained. The writer was standing in the wings of the stage when he was startled by a footstep behind him, and upon turning around beheld a medium-sized lady, elegantly dressed and heavily veiled. She seemed to fit in and out of the darkness like some raven of despair, and before the news-gatherer could speak, she leaned forward, handed him a card and said, in a low, sweet voice:

"Please give this to Professor Houser at once." The card bore the single inscription, in a delicate hand, "Will you speak to me to-night?"

MY LAST REQUEST.

and was signed "Fanny." The reporter stepped to the edge of the stage, and beckoning the Professor to him, handed him the card. One glance at the handwriting and the Professor's face turned deadly pale. With a quick step he reached the reporter's side and, in an agitated voice, said, "Please take her away." The woman threw back her veil, disclosing a pale but beautiful face, and would have spoken, but the Professor stepped quickly back on the stage and resumed his lecture. The woman immediately left the Opera House.

Anxious to learn something of the woman and her strange behavior, the writer said:

"Madam, may I ask an explanation of your conduct in thus calling upon Prof. Houser?"

"It is a singular story," she replied, "and you would hardly believe me if I would tell it. I am a married woman, and live in—North Missouri, where I heard Dr. Houser lecture about one year ago. He spoke so many kind words for woman, that I was completely carried away. In fact I fell madly in love with him. I could not resist the force of the infatuation. I forgot all about home, husband, friends, and indeed, forgot my duty as a wife, although the doctor had never as yet spoken to me. When he left, I followed him, wrote him letters, telegraphed many times, but he would not meet me. Once he wrote me a letter stating that he was a married man and advised me to stay at home, as he would not see me under any circumstances."

I FOLLOWED HIM

to Indianapolis, thence to Cincinnati, to Lancaster, O., Circleville, and then to New York city. I saw him on a railroad in Ohio when he received a telegram that one of his children was dying. He wept aloud, but when I went to him he would not speak. He gave me the telegram and left the car. Once I visited his home in Arcadia, Ind., intending to abduct one of his children, Fred, a little boy five years old, thinking that he would then follow and speak to me, but my heart failed me when I thought of his wife. I knew it would nearly kill her. Once I sent him an elegant diamond ring, which he returned. My husband knows I love the doctor, but his entreaties for me to remain home are in vain. I have plenty of money, and as long as it lasts I must be near the ideal of my affection. I always got along well with my husband, but I hear that he is now about to apply for a divorce. I do not blame him. I sometimes imagine the doctor admires and loves me, but is afraid of my power. He wants to be true to his wife, and for that I respect and love him more and more."

At this juncture of the recital, a certain house on — street in East Joplin was reached. The woman bade the reporter good night, passed in the door and WAS SEEN NO MORE.

An interview with the professor substantiated the woman's story. She had become an object of great annoyance to him, and do what he could, he had been unable to evade her. Relief from her importunities came sooner than he expected, for the morning following the adventure related above, Mrs. Logan was found dead in her room from the effects of poison administered by her own hands. Thus ended a curious infatuation.

WRANGLING OVER A CORPSE.

A Coroner and Undertaker Outrage Decency and Humanity by a Disgraceful Quarrel over a Dead Man.

[Subject of Illustration.]

CHICAGO, Ill., April 20.—A quarrel for the possession of a corpse took place between the coroner and the county undertaker, the bones of contention being those of a man who had died suddenly and under circumstances which the coroner thought required an inquest. He also thought he ought to take charge of some \$200 which the deceased had on his person. In both respects the undertaker differed with him, contending that no inquest was necessary, and that he ought to have first whack at the money to pay for the coffin and burial expenses. The undertaker had therefore arranged to have the funeral take place. What happened next he tells as follows:

"At 11 o'clock the friends of Mr. Mayer, including several ladies, were waiting for a minister to come and conduct the services. The coffin containing the body of Mr. Mayer was in the room and the hearse and carriages were waiting on the outside. Coroner Mann at this juncture drove up, came into the office and said: 'I forbid this funeral from going on.' I objected and Coroner Mann drove over to the armory, procured an officer, returned and had me arrested and taken to the station. While I was gone Coroner Mann's men jerked the corpse by the head out of the casket and besmeared it with blood, threw a wreath of beautiful flowers on the sidewalk, and tumbling the body into a pine box, hastily drove away with it, in spite of the protests of the persons present. When I returned the body was gone, as was also Mr. Mann and his hirelings."

The coroner retaliates by charging crookedness upon the undertaker, who, he says, on one occasion sold a cadaver to a hospital instead of burying it. Cupidity on the part of both officials is at the bottom of the disgraceful quarrel.

"Queer" Makers.

[With Portraits.]

A very clever capture was effected in St. Louis, Mo. the other day, the parties nabbed being the two Edwards. Both of these men have been engaged in counterfeiting for a long time, and managed to escape detection, until U. S. Detective James Tyrell got after them. Conclusive proof of their guilt was found on their persons, and they will henceforth board a state prison.

BELIAL'S BODYGUARD.

George Henry Should be Promoted---
And He Will be---Having Dis-
tinguished Himself.

FIVE CRIMES IN FIFTEEN MINUTES.

The Old Cat Goes Away, and the
Kittens do Smash the Furniture
and Fire the Ranch.

ENGLISH LESSENS THE POPULATION.

A Very Wicked Woman Murders Her
Neighbor's Child, and Secretes Its
Body in a Barrel.

AN EXCITING GO-AS-YOU-PLEASE.

Three Highwaymen Assault a Traveler
and Get Nothing for Their
Trouble.

A BOY'S OBSTINACY COSTS HIS LIFE.

Joseph Jackson was shot and fatally wounded at
Poolville, N. Y., by his son Charles on Friday night.
Charles was captured at Hubbardville, after a desper-
ate struggle.

Godfrey Smalley, residing near Marietta, Ohio, has
been arrested, charged with the murder of Jacob
Baughman on August 30, 1863. Mr. Baughman was
a wealthy farmer, residing near Zanesville, O., being
a bachelor and living alone. Smalley is now in jail,
and from a partial confession he has made there
seems to be no doubt of his guilt.

BENT ON MURDER.

A stalwart negro, with a scowling face and a gun
across his shoulder, sauntered into a farmyard near
Shelbyville, Ind., and said that he had come to kill
the man who lived there. He did not know this man,
but had been told that he had helped the enemy in
a recent drunken fight. The intended victim was
hastily hidden, and a summons sent for several neigh-
bors, who came and shot the negro.

DID SHE KILL THE BABY.

GALENA, Ill., April 18.—Rose Welch, a woman about
thirty years of age, residing near Benton, Wis., is now
confined in the jail in this city on the charge of hav-
ing been responsible for the death of the infant found
on Wednesday evening last in Galena River. It is
alleged that the woman gave birth to male twins on
Friday night, April 9th, in a house in this city, and
it is surmised that both infants were cruelly smothered
by the inhuman mother and thrown into Galena
River, although but one of the children has yet been
found, and this has been fully identified by neigh-
bors who were with the woman at the time of her
confinement.

A MEMORABLE NIGHT.

Wm. McDonald, with his wife and two boys, living
in a log cabin in Pine Nut Valley, Cal., were suddenly
startled one night lately, at midnight, by the sudden
crashing in of the roof, and a large pile of dirt falling
on their bed. McDonald jumped up, lit a candle, and
found two huge shaggy limbs astraddle on one of the
rafters. He seized an ax, and with a single blow at
each severed them from the body, the animal roaring
with rage and pain. In his struggle one of the rafters
broke, and the family rushed out of doors, McDonald
taking his rifle with him. They built a large fire,
which attracted the animal to the door, and it proved
to be a monstrous cinnamon bear. The settler ended
the night's excitement by shooting him dead.

ANGERED BY A MASHED FINGER.

A serious, perhaps fatal, affray occurred on Satur-
day last on board the propeller Portchester, plying
between this city and Portchester. While the crew
were engaged in raising anchor at Byram River, Wm.
Guthrie, one of the deck hands, had one of his thumbs
terribly mashed accidentally. In his rage he seized a
handspike, and with it struck another deck hand
named Peeks, and broke his right arm just below the
elbow. Peeks fell, and while he was down Guthrie
struck him another violent blow with the handspike
on his head, fracturing his skull in a shocking man-
ner. The injured man was removed to his home in
Greenwich, Conn., where he lies in a precarious con-
dition. Guthrie fled, and has not been captured.

CARGILL'S BEASTIALITY.

An atrocious case of rape on a daughter by a father
is awaiting judicial investigation in the south part
of the city of Boston. One William D. Cargill, thirty-
nine years old, is the alleged culprit, and his twelve-
year old daughter Helen is the victim. It seems that
Cargill has not lived with his wife for some time past
but has occasionally visited her residence, where she

lives with her five children, of whom Helen is the
oldest. It is alleged that Cargill's illicit relations
with the girl began by a rape about five months ago,
and that he threatened to murder her if she told her
mother about the matter. The fact of the outrage
was unknown till recently, when the girl, on being
questioned by her mother, told her story, and a war-
rant was procured for Cargill's arrest. The child is
said to be enceinte.

A LIVELY HOUSEHOLD.

PILLSBURY, Pa., April 20.—Emma A. Howard, the
proprietress of a fashionable house of ill-fame on
Second avenue, on leaving the city for a few days
visit to some friends placed the charge d'affaires in
care of her housekeeper, a cyprian named Hattie
Frank. A day or so after the madame's departure
the inmates were startled by the cry of fire, and no
matter which part of the house they ran to they
were confronted by a seething mass of flames. After
considerable difficulty the fire was subdued, when it
was ascertained that it had broken out in three dif-
ferent places; in the madame's room, parlor and cellar.
The damage consisted in the demolition of a bedstead,
wardrobe and *tele-a-tete*, valued at several hundred
dollars. On the arrival home of the madame, suspicion
seemed to rest on Hattie Frank, the Buffalo
woman, whereupon she was arrested and placed under
bond to answer the charge of arson.

AN EXCITING CHASE.

SIDNEY, Ind., April 18.—Great excitement existed in
the western part of this county to-day over a chase
for and attempt to capture a man, supposed to be
the murderer of Joseph M. Lehman, on the Lee Line
train, near Hardin Station, Tuesday, two weeks ago.
This morning a man called at a farm-house, while
none of the family were at home except the farmer's
wife, and asked for something to eat. He answered
the description of the murderer so fully that after he
left she aroused the neighbors and soon forty or fifty
men joined in the search all around. They were
afterward joined by officers from Sidney. He was
chased from woods to woods for a distance of ten
miles, but at dark to-night he ran into a wood and
the chase was given up. Francis Dedier, a witness to
the shooting on the train, saw the man to-day and
says he is undoubtedly the man who did the shoot-
ing.

MISS GREEN AND THE MOB.

The New Rochelle brewery mob that attacked Miss
Fannie S. Green, the business partner of Mr. David
Jones, the millionaire brewer, on the 24th of March,
on Monday received the distinguished attention of
the Grand Jury. Miss Green and her witnesses ap-
peared before that body at White Plains, told the
story of the assault and the two days' siege and en-
deavored to secure indictments for assault with
intent to kill. Herman Knevez, the carman, who
was engaged by Miss Green to remove her furniture
and plants, also appeared and pressed an indictment
on his own behalf for a similar offence. Oscar Roel-
ker, the collector for the brewery, and under whose
direction it is alleged all the mischief was done, was
made the principal defendant in the proceedings.
The story of the assault was retold, the whole ses-
sion being occupied in hearing it. An illustration of
the affair appeared in the GAZETTE at the time of
its occurrence.

MURDERS HER NEIGHBOR'S CHILD.

At Malden, Mass., Mrs. John Driscoll was arrested
on the charge of murdering the four-year-old daugh-
ter of John Cradon, a neighbor. The body of the
child was found in the morning near the railroad,
and it is believed it was placed there by the Driscolls
after the child had been killed at their house. A hood
lost by the child was found buried in Driscoll's cellar
together with an ax, the blade and handle of which
were stained with blood. A barrel smeared inside
with blood and containing several bloody bags similar
to one found near the body of the child were also dis-
covered in the cellar. The theory of the police is that
the child was killed in the cellar, the body put in the
barrel to conceal it, then put under the stairs, where
the hood was found, and afterward carried in a bag
and deposited where it was discovered, in a position
to give the impression that death had been caused by
the train. Mrs. Driscoll asserts ignorance as to how
the blood came on the articles.

TWO CONSTABLES SHOT DEAD.

A special from Emporium says intense excitement
prevails at Caledonia, Elk county, Pa., over a terrible
tragedy committed there by a noted forger and out-
law, named Harry English. A posse went from St.
Mary's to apprehend English, and arrived at his house
near Caledonia at 5 o'clock. Constables Wreuth and
Volmer and Justice Burk met English coming down
stairs. Wreuth ordered him to surrender, but he
went back up the stairs and locked himself in a room.
The officers drew their pistols and declared their in-
tention of taking him dead or alive. As Constable
Wreuth came up to the room English thrust a rifle
through the door and fired, killing him instantly.
Constable Volmer then carried Wreuth's body down
stairs and as he entered the yard English shot Vol-
mer, who, it is thought, will not recover. English
gained the woods during the excitement, and while
he was running District Attorney Nussell shot him in
the leg. Company H, State Volunteers, has been
ordered out to capture him if possible.

MR. PALMER'S NARROW ESCAPE.

At about 11:30 o'clock on Sunday night as Mr.
George Palmer was walking along Railroad avenue,
in the village of White Plains, Westchester County,
he was met by a colored man named William Jack-
son, who had a shot-gun under his arm. Just as
they were about passing each other, Jackson aimed a
blow at Palmer's head, which the latter dodged suc-
cessfully, and immediately called for an explanation,
when the darky broke out with: "Why, hallo!
George, is that you? Why, I thought you was Ed-
brook, who I've been looking for all night." It sub-
sequently turned out that the darky and another
man took turns in watching at Mr. Carhart's barn, in
the village. This was Jackson's night to watch, but
as the other man wanted to get off on Monday night,

they exchanged nights. Jackson went home when
he was not expected, and there found Edbrook
courting his wife. Edbrook made good his escape
through a rear door, and Jackson immediately armed
himself with his shot-gun and went on the war-path
after his rival, with the result above described. Ed-
brook could not be found yesterday.

WAYLaid BY HIGHWAYMEN.

COSHOCOTON, O., April 18.—Last night while Charles
Wilcox, a farmer aged about twenty-four years, was
going to his home, seven miles from here, he was
stopped near Rock Run, three miles south of Coshoc-
ton, by three men, one of whom held the horses
while the other two jumped into the wagon, saying:
"Now, d—n you, we've got you." That is the last
Wilcox remembered until about 10 o'clock, two hours
after the occurrence, he was met by John McCall on
the railroad near here, of whom he inquired where
he was. McCall knew him, and took him to Doctor
Ingraham's office where his injuries were found to
be quite dangerous—a scalp wound two inches long,
laying the skull bare on the left temple, and another
three inches long, half-moon shape, on the back of
the head, showing the skull, and the right ear almost
severed from the head, a small piece of skin only
holding it. The doctor thinks the injuries were in-
flicted with a sharp instrument. The team and
wagon have not been heard of since. The Sheriff and
police started immediately after the highwaymen.
Wilcox says he does not know of having any enemies.
He had no money.

FATAL SHOOTING AFFRAY.

CLYDE, O., April 17.—Henry Clark, a colored labor-
er, was shot last night about nine o'clock by George
Ramsey, a young man about nineteen years old.
The parties were in the saloon of Piper & Wells, this
being the same room where Timanus was shot by
Eli Cupp, and Eli Cupp afterward killed by William
Hays; so there seems to be a fatal tendency
about the locality. Ramsey had been quarrel-
some during the early part of the evening,
and his father, Frank Ramsey, who is a respected
stockdealer, had endeavored to get him away from
the saloon. But the boy was obstinate, and refused
to go. Afterward he became engaged in a quarrel
with some parties from the country, and Clark inter-
fering, he drew a revolver and shot him. The shot
penetrated just above the collar-bone and near the
sterno-cleido-mastero muscle, and near the aorta.
Clark was taken to Dr. Griffin's office, and the wound
dressed by Drs. Griffin and Harndon. The medical
opinion passed is that Clark must die. Ramsey fled
after firing the shot, and has not yet been caught.
Clark has a wife and child.

FIVE CRIMES IN FIFTEEN MINUTES.

George Henry, a colored man, made things lively in
the Eighth ward of this city on the 19th inst., until
Captain McDonnell lodged him in a cell, with no less
than five offences charged against him, three of them
felonies. Henry's first exploit was a burglary in the
rooms of Mrs. Mains of 166 Varick street. Here he
was discovered, but escaped after knocking down
Mrs. Mains and her daughter, whom he encountered
in the hallway. The plucky women followed him
with cries for help, and Otto Finck, who is employed
in a saloon in the basement of 166 Varick street,
joined in the chase. He overtook the negro at South
Fifth avenue and Spring street, and grappled with
him. His strength was not equal to his pluck, and he
suffered severely at the hands of Henry, who ended
by biting a large piece from his left ear. Henry ly-
ing foreman of a stable in Charlton street, was also
roughly handled by Henry. At this point Captain
McDonnell, who was fortunately at hand, took hold
of and subdued Henry, who did not quit until the
muzzle of the captain's pistol touched his temple.
On the way to the police station Henry broke from
the captain and rushed again upon Finck, but the
captain prevented the infliction of any further injury.
The search in the station developed the fifth and last
offence chargeable against the prisoner, when a num-
ber of skeleton keys were found, making him liable
to conviction for having burglars' tools in his posses-
sion. The other charges against him are for burglary,
mayhem and for the several assaults. Should he be
indicted and tried for each offence twenty-five
years would be within the limit of the possible sen-
tence.

Inspector John McDermott.

[With Portrait.]

The flags on the police stations of the city were at
half mast on the 19th inst., for Inspector John Mc-
Dermott, who died at his residence, 546 East Eighty-
seventh street, at 8 A. M. His disease was pneumonia.
He came on duty at the police central office at 6
o'clock on Thursday evening, and, when very much
heated, sat at an open window with his coat off. He
was presently seized with a chill. He had been in
feeble health for a long time—so much so that, about
a year ago, the police board passed a vote ordering
him to appear before the board of surgeons, with a
view to his retirement. Owing to Inspector McDer-
mott's opposition, the matter was finally dropped.

John McDermott was born in Troy, N. Y., in 1832.
After a short attendance at a district school, he was
apprenticed to a bricklayer. He came to this city in
1845, where, on becoming a journeyman, he practised
his trade. On December 24, 1859, he was appointed a
policeman, and served in the precinct now protected
by the Fifth street police. After four years of active
and efficient service, he became a roundsman in Jan-
uary, 1863, during which year he earned distinction
in the draft riots. On December 14, 1865, he was pro-
moted to the rank of sergeant, and put in charge of
the Second district court squad. In 1869, as acting
captain, he commanded the Broadway squad. On the
9th of October of that year he was made full captain,
and thereafter served in command of the Prince street
police. On May 31, 1872, he was promoted to an in-
spectorship, his district comprising the eastern half
of the island, north of Forty-second street. He made
a faithful rather than a brilliant inspector.

CHAMPION SHORTSTOPS

Caught on the End of a Rope, and
Out of the Game on the First In-
ning—Murdering is Not Good for the
Neck.

The double execution in the city of Mexico, Mo., on
the 16th of April, was witnessed by an immense con-
course of people, the number of spectators being vari-
ously estimated at from eight to twelve thousand.
The condemned men were negroes—Nathan Faucett
and Jacob Muldrow—and the crime for which they
suffered was the murder of Octave Inlow. The mur-
der was unprecedented for coolness and delibera-
tion.

The principal figure in the case was a white woman
named Emma Prilly, who usually goes by the cognom-
en of "Short and Dirty," who came to this part of
the state from Illinois a few years since in the usual
manner of a tramp. She was arrested several times
by the city authorities and forced to leave the city,
but would return soon again, having, from the first
coming, formed an attachment and

LIVING WITH A COLORED MAN

named Si Muldrow, father of one of those hung to-
day.

Near Muldrow's house, in the eastern limits of the
city, was that of Octave Inlow, a white man. Inlow
formed an acquaintance and an attachment for the
girl which was reciprocated by her. This made the
colored suitors angry at Inlow and they threatened
vengeance at different times.

On the 30th day of September, 1879, Inlow and the
girl were at the house of a colored woman named
Mickey. While there a dispute and severe quarrel
arose, which terminated by Inlow slapping the girl.
She left him immediately, swearing vengeance. The
same evening, about 10 o'clock, she was again with
him, taking a stroll in a field near his house. As they
approached a small stream which ran through the
field, she stopped and asked him for a "chaw of to-
bacco," as she says. When the "tobacco" was
handed her, she stepped to one side and immediately
a shot was fired from the bank of the stream and from
behind a stump. Inlow fell mortally wounded, living
to tell who was with him when shot. Early the next
morning the sheriff found

A GUN COVERED WITH MUD

similar to that on the bank of the creek at the house
of Nathan Faucett, who, together with Jake Muldrow
and Joe Hicks, (all colored) were promptly arrested.
The evidence produced at the trial was mostly cir-
cumstantial but proved beyond a doubt that the
murder was the result of a deep laid scheme on the
part of the mokes and "short and dirty." The three
negroes secreted themselves at the place named. The
girl betrayed and led Inlow to the place of the crime.
Her asking Inlow for a chew of tobacco was to be the
signal to fire. Muldrow and Faucett were found
guilty of murder in the first degree and sentenced to
be hanged April 2, but the Governor respited them
two weeks longer to give them time to prepare for
death. Hicks and the white girl were

ALLOWED TO GO FREE.

The jury would have to send the girl to the Peniten-
tiary, but under the Court's instruction could not,
as they had either to hang or dismiss her. Emma
Prilly left the city, but soon returned and made a
confession which showed the guilt of the parties.
She is now in jail, awaiting another trial, which will
be on the 20th of April. She earnestly wanted to be
hung with the negroes. As soon as Hicks was freed,
he left for parts unknown—an act conducive to his
personal safety as he is beyond a doubt the one who
fired the gun, but an alibi and circumstantial evi-
dence cleared him.

Faucett and Muldrow slept well last night and ate
a hearty breakfast and dinner. At one o'clock they
were escorted from the jail to the

PLACE OF EXECUTION.

having bidden all their old companions a solemn
farewell. Sheriff Glascock, a deputy and twelve
armed guards formed the escort. At half-past one,
the doomed men ascended the scaffold, accompanied
by Fathers O'Leary and Steck, their Christian advis-
ors. Muldrow grew very nervous while the death
warrant was being read and prayer offered by the
priests. At 1:57 the black caps and nooses were ad-
justed, and one minute later the drop fell. As they
went down, each wretch was crying, "God have
mercy on my soul—I love my Jesus!" Faucett died
in eighteen minutes from strangulation. Muldrow
died in fourteen minutes, his neck being broken. At
half-past two the bodies were delivered to John W.
Gordon, who owned both negroes in slavery times.

Trout Fishing.

[Subject of Illustration.]

Lovers of piscatorial sports are just at present in
their glory. The protection of the law has been with-
drawn from the funny inhabitants and their admirers
are improving the opportunity to wage a war of ex-
termination. There is certainly no finer sport than
a day's fishing in some well-stocked stream 'neath
the budding foliage of stately trees. But when ac-
companied by some fair demoiselle there is a spice of
romance about the sport that makes it little short of
bewitching. The merry couple whom our artist has
portrayed this week know how it is themselves, and
are heart and soul in the occasion. If the secret of
the young man's zeal in helping his fair companion
secure her speckled trophy were known, we doubt not
that it would be found to be but a reflex of his zeal
in a more important ensnarement—the matrimonial
catch. Whether this feeling is reciprocal on the part
of the young lady, we leave our readers to judge. Her
actions certainly are decidedly on the side of the
affirmative.

DESTROYING "LAYOUTS."

Superintendent Walling at Work With His Coat Off—"Chips" and "Cue Boxes" Consigned to the Flames—Four Thousand Dollars' Worth of Property Burned.

[Subject of Illustration.]

A curious spectacle was witnessed at Police Headquarters on the 15th, by a number of the police officials, Mr. Whitney, counsel for the Society for the Prevention of Crime, and a number of citizens. It appears that on the 20th of July Detective McNamara, acting under the direction of Superintendent Whitney, of the society, with a number of aids, made a raid on the gambling house No. 151 West Thirty-first street and arrested the proprietors, August Thompson and Justin McCarthy. The raid, contrary to the usual abortive efforts of the police, proved a successful one, and evidence was secured and produced in court which proved conclusively that gambling was tolerated on the premises, and that the prisoners were interested. The following articles were captured:—A roulette table, twelve feet long, made by Grote, of East Fourteenth street; a "red and black" table, a faro table and silver dealing box; two chip racks, dealing board and faro "layout;" a chip-basket, containing 447 chips and three packs of cards. The total value of articles captured being about \$4,000.

GAMBLERS HELD.

The prisoners were committed to prison by Judge Gildersleeve and the effects assigned to the Property Clerk at Police Headquarters with an order for the same to be destroyed, but under the State law it was necessary to get an order from the magistrate who committed the prisoners. Justice Kilbreth granted the order to Mr. Whitney. It appears that a statute authorizes the Superintendent of Police as the only destroyer of the Property Clerk's effects and the matter was then placed before the Police Board and referred to the Committee on Repairs and Supplies, with power. At a session of that committee on Tuesday last Superintendent Walling was instructed to destroy the gambling implements.

The 15th inst. was set down for the crashing in of the tables and other articles, and early in the morning Mr. D. J. Whitney and the Superintendent presented themselves at the Property Clerk's office, and exhibiting their documents of authority, which were recognized by the clerk, C. A. St. John, the articles were handed over to them.

BURNING THE CHIPS.

An extra fire was ablaze in the ground floor of the building, and with the assistance of clerks in the department the goods were transferred to the destruction room. They first deposited the small articles, such as chips, boxes, &c., into the blazing furnace, when Superintendent Walling, taking off his coat and hat, picked up an axe and began the demolishing of the tables. The rumor circulated through the building that the Superintendent was at work, and Aldermen Morris and Shields, the Police Commissioner, Captain Williams and the different clerks in the department left their duties and filled the room



DESTROYING "LAYOUTS"—SUPERINTENDENT WALLING, OF THE METROPOLITAN POLICE FORCE, SHEDS HIS UNIFORM, AND WITH HIS LITTLE AX DEMOLISHES THE FURNITURE OF A RAIDED FARO BANK, ACCORDING TO LAW.

where the work of destruction was going on. The Superintendent kept steadily at his work until there was nothing left of the handsome table but a fragment of chips, and taking out his handkerchief silently mopped his brow, which was covered with perspiration, and amid the many laughs and jokes of the onlookers ascended to his private office.

VERY MUCH MIXED.

A Gay Lothario Becomes a Dual Parient—Two Sullied Sisters—All in the Family, You Know; What's the "Hodds."

Cedar Creek Township, Ind., is reveling in the luxury of a sensational scandal of no mean proportion. The principal actors are a farmer named Joseph Myers, his two daughters aged respectively seventeen and fifteen, and a young man named William Furness. About two years ago Myers and Furness made arrangements to work the former's farm together on shares. Furness entered Myers' household as one of the family, and appears, from certain events, to have availed himself to the fullest extent of all the privileges of his position.

About a year since the eldest daughter gave birth to a healthy infant. This little accident, however, seemed to make no difference in the domestic arrangements of the Myers family. Matters moved along smoothly enough until a few days ago, when the younger daughter contributed another infant to the live stock of the institution. Notwithstanding the apparent indifference of the father to these events the neighbors were greatly aroused, and threatened to visit both Myers and Furness with mob violence. The latter was held responsible by public sentiment for the ruin of the girls. Furness, being terrified by the threats made against him, skipped suddenly to the far West. Myers is still at his home, but keeps very shady, and there are strong threats that he will be treated by the indignant people of Cedar Creek Township to a coat of tar and feathers.

Manufacturing Pretty Noses.

[Subject of Illustration.]

The improvement of noses has become an art. "A lady of my acquaintance," the writer says, "was given a nose that was flat, a sort of pug, with wide nostrils. Meeting her a few days ago, I did not at first recognize her. She was immensely improved. I asked the cause. 'Can't you see?' she asked. I scrutinized her face. 'Yes,' I exclaimed; 'it's your nose, and it has grown out. Well, I never! What did it?' Her nose stood out to a proper length, and was as shapely as could have been desired. 'I've got an extensor in it,' she said, 'but you mustn't tell.' 'What's an extensor?' 'A metal lining or form which I wear in my nose to give it a good shape. I'll show it to you when we get home.' She did show it to me. It was simply two forms of silver, colored red on the inner surface, to be pressed up into the nostrils. They effectually lifted the end of the nose out from the face, and were not uncomfortable or discoverable." These articles are further declared to be an article of common manufacture by fashionable dentists.



MRS. BELVA LOCKWOOD, WASHINGTON'S FEMALE LAWYER ADDRESSING JUSTICE COX IN THE DISTRICT COURT OF THAT CITY ON A QUESTION OF PRIVILEGE, RAISED BY SENATOR BEN HILL'S COUNSEL, WHO HAD DECLINED TO RECOGNIZE HER AS "COUNSEL IN GOOD STANDING"—JENNIE RAYMOND AND HER SON, TOMMY HILL, FORMING A PART OF THE AUDIENCE.—SEE PAGE 3.



MRS. DR. GOERSON, ALLEGED TO HAVE BEEN POISONED BY HER HUSBAND, DR. GOERSON; PHILADELPHIA.

AN AWFUL TUMBLE.

A Female Trapeze-Performer Makes a Fatal Mistake and Falls Headlong into the Ring.

[Subject of Illustration.]

Eight thousand persons were thrown into a fright by a probably fatal accident during the afternoon performance of the combined circuses of Adam Forepaugh and Cooper & Bailey, at Philadelphia, Pa., on the 14th inst. The famous female trapeze performer known on the stage and in the arena as Mile. Lotto, but whose real name is Lucy Davine, a very pretty girl of eighteen years, came out to execute her startling acts, and was enthusiastically welcomed. At one side of the ring her mother, Mrs. Davine, was suspended by the feet from a bar, and in her hands she held the feet of Mr. Davine, her husband, who also hung head down and hands outstretched, ready to catch his daughter when she would swing from the other side of the ring.



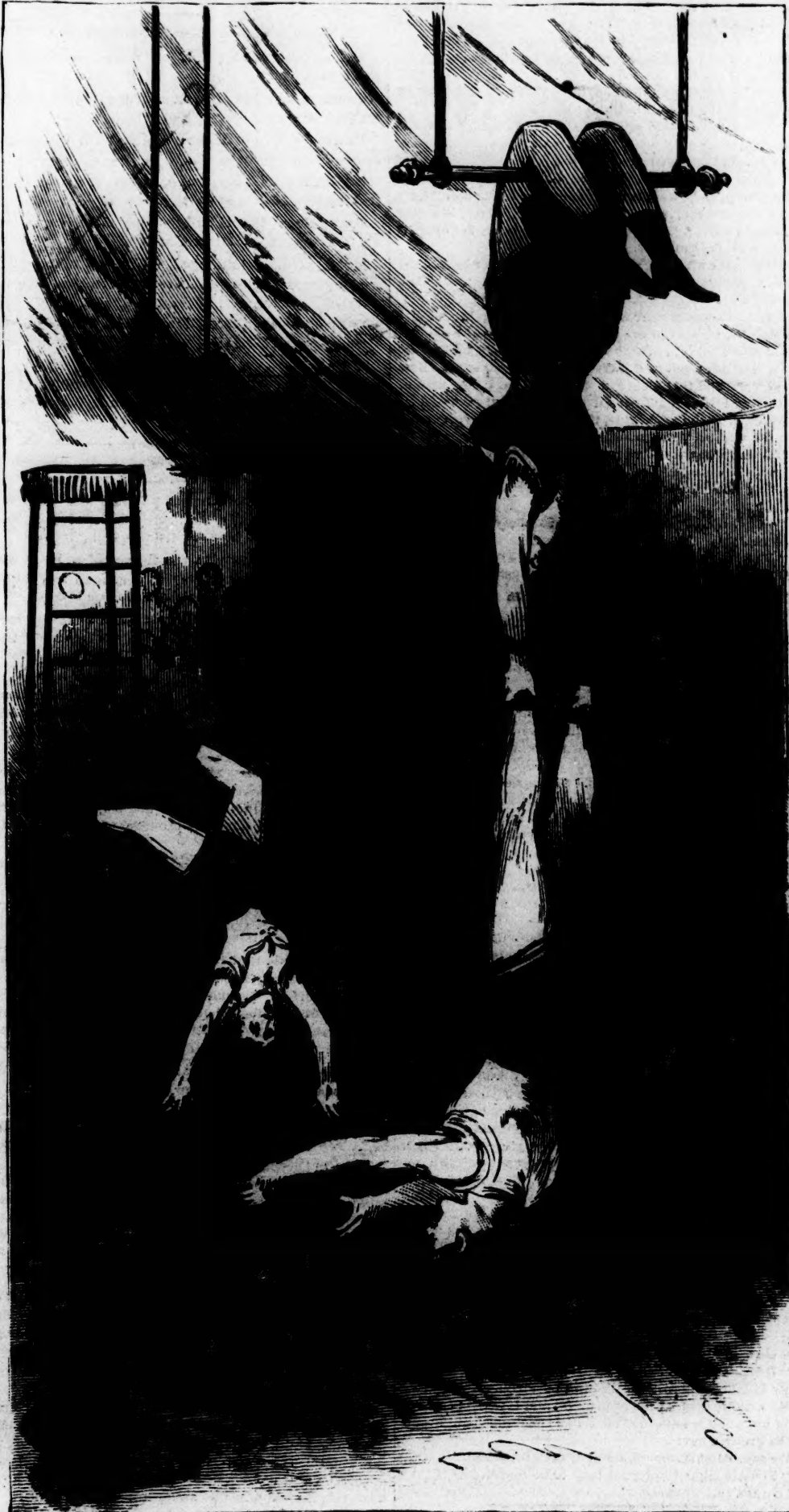
MRS. BELVA LOCKWOOD, FEMALE LAWYER; COUNSEL FOR JENNIE RAYMOND IN HER SUIT AGAINST BEN HILL; WASHINGTON, D. C.

Mile. Lotto mounted a pedestal fifteen feet high and sprang to catch the bar, which hung about three feet above her. Her aim was to get her feet against the bar about the same time that her hands would catch it, but her grasp failed, and she fell heavily back, striking her head against the pedestal, and thence dropping to the ground, where she lay unconscious and bleeding. "Oh, my God, my child!" exclaimed Mrs. Davine, still suspended at the otherside of the ring and holding her husband by the feet. The rope was lowered, Mr. Davine sprang to the ground, quickly followed by his wife, and in an instant both were by the side of their daughter.

Mile. Lotto was carried to a private apartment before the audience could realize the extent of her injuries, and the circus performance went on without any further interruption. There was a long, deep cut in the back of the girl's head, the side of the head was badly bruised, and there were strong symptoms



A. EDWARDS, ASSOCIATED WITH JACK EDWARDS AS COUNTERFEITER, AND CAPTURED WITH HIM.



AN AWFUL TUMBLE—LUCY DAVINE WHILE PERFORMING ON THE TRAPEZE WITH HER FATHER AND MOTHER MAKES A FATAL MISCALCULATION, AND FALLS HEADLONG INTO THE RING; PHILADELPHIA, PA.



A MISCHIEVOUS CAT OPENS A CLOCK DOOR, AND SETS THE HANDS ACCORDING TO FELINE NOTIONS OF TIME; OSWEGO, N. Y.



MRS. SOUDER, MOTHER OF MRS. DR. GOERSON, ALLEGED TO HAVE BEEN POISONED BY HER SON-IN-LAW, DR. GOERSON.

of concussion of the spine. In an hour or two she became partly conscious, but the physicians have no hope of her recovery.

A New Trick.

A system of counterfeiting, which is following in the wake of the re-introduction of gold and silver as currency has just come to light, having been discovered by a Syracuse gentleman. It is the old system of splitting open coins, removing a portion of their metal, filling the place with lead, soldering them together and remilling the coins, making detection almost impossible. The gentleman, in his letter, says of some coins received from a prominent business house: "By the accidental dropping to-day of one of them upon a marble slab, I perceived that it gave no ringing sound, and when compared with the others showed its spuriousness. There were no evidences of its falsity from acid or weight, but, by examination of its edge with a glass, it showed that it had been split, and a portion of the inside removed



INSPECTOR JOHN McDERMOTT, MEMBER OF THE METROPOLITAN POLICE; DIED IN THIS CITY APRIL 19.

and filled with some heavy base metal, and then soldered together again and its edge remilled. It was handed to several experts, and all readily gave change for it without discovering its falsity. It is a very dangerous counterfeit, and, as I found it in your city, I thought it prudent to advise you of its existence, so that you could give it publicity, if you deem it advisable."

Thomas Cat's Freak.

[Subject of Illustration.]

Mathew McKay of Oswego, N. Y., has been bothered at finding his clock stopped mornings. He had it examined, but the repairer could find nothing wrong. He watched, and discovered the family cat to be the cause of the mischief. Attracted by the ticking of the clock, she climbed up to the shelf, pulled open the door, and pawed the hands around the dial till it stopped.



JACK EDWARDS, COUNTERFEITER AND SHOBER OF "QUEER," CAPTURED IN ST. LOUIS, MO.

MIDNIGHT PICTURES.

A Series of Illustrated Sketches of
New York's Gas-Lit Life.

Drinking Dishonest Whisky in an Illicit
"Still" Upon Manhattan
Island.

PRETTY MINA, THE MOONSHINER.
How She Threw the Gauger, Græco-
Roman Style, Saved the Place, and
Won a Husband.

Dramatic Reception of the Gazette Men
by the Piratical Proprietor.

BY AN OLD ROUNDER.

The majority of our citizens, that solid, respectable class who have great respect for the majesty of law, are under the impression that the business of "moonshining" or distilling spirituous liquors illicitly is confined to the mountain fastnesses of Georgia.

Such is not the case, however, not by the largest majority that that particular state ever gave for the democratic ticket, and the way the Georgia "crackers" can whoop up votes is something remarkable.

Right in New York City the work of defrauding the United States Government by utterly ignoring the existence of such an institution as the Revenue Department, while making whisky, is carried on to a considerable extent. I cannot say how many stills there are in operation, because I have possessed no means of getting at the facts, but both your artist and myself can swear to the existence of one. We have been there: have drunken of the whisky and can safely pronounce it good.

As we did with the Thieves' Tavern, not giving the exact locale of the place in our illustrated account, so we will have to proceed in this instance. There is no desire on our part to aid and abet individuals in their attempts to swindle the United States Government, but we're after the romantic and picturesque only, and drank the liquor merely because it was good to drink, I, for one, shall not let my conscience trouble me to any appreciable degree.

Now for the "still." It is at the upper end of the island where New York revels in rocks, ravines, narrow lanes, bits of wooded land, and then again vast stretches of meadow. The house is back of the main road and is an honest, licensed beer-salon, with its short counter, swathed keg, its sanded floor and one or two tables. It was about fifteen minutes past eleven o'clock on one of our recent stormy evenings that your representatives walked up the muddy steps of the house, a gleam of light from the interior showing that we were not too late, opened the door and stalked in.

The sole occupant was a very pretty German girl, I should say she was nineteen years old, who was counting the money from the till by means of a candle. She looked at us hurriedly, and with anything but pleasure in the glance. Then she reached up to where a bell-cord dangled and pulled it vigorously. This done, she turned and said:

"What do you wish? There is no more beer, we are about to close."

As she spoke she came around in front of the bar and locked the door. I noticed then what a splendidly constructed animal she was.

We were prisoners to a dead certainty.

"We want to see your father," I answered.

"And what do you want with her father?" came in a growling tone from some one back of me. I was undeniably startled, and upon turning was far from being reassured by discovering a powerful, tall man, with black beard and hair, who wore a genuine buccaneer's appearance generally.

We both stood up, but before I had time to explain our position it was rendered still more interesting by the arrival upon the scene of the wife and mother, a true copy of Frochard in The Two Orphans, and a couple of brawny long-legged lads with sleeves rolled back over muscled arms.

The storm in the meantime had risen to the dignity of a tornado, shaking the house until the windows and doors rattled like the teeth of a shivering tramp. It was a curious tableau we formed. The red-shirted father forming with the formidable looking mother and the anything but mild-mannered boys a semi-circle of menacing background, while the girl held the flaring candle aloft, displaying as she did so an arm of faultless shape.

At last I produced the letter I had obtained from an old friend of the distillers'. It stated that our visit was strictly an honorable one, that we were merely after the picturesque, and that he might with the utmost safety allow us to inspect the secrets of his "still."

When the bear had read this through and passed it to his wife, he growled out a welcome, and shook us both by the hand, saying:

"That's all right. I didn't know at first but what it was the government itself making so late a call. We were just getting to work when you came. But what do you say to a little dishonest whiskey first?"

We nodded concurrence in the idea, and a stone bottle with glasses was produced. The pretty daughter waited upon us, all smiles and affability now. I noticed that our artist was gone again. I cannot imagine how he stands it. Since we began our midnight meanderings he has had some terrible falls into love, but apparently up to this moment had sustained no great injury.

You will see in a little while where he came to grief.

After the drink we all went into the distillery. Being able to drink whiskey is one thing, and understanding how it is made is another. I am quite sure my readers do not desire any scientific dissertation on the subject in this sketch. The "still" is copper or brass, and connects with the worm, which is attached to some other mysterious contrivance. It was all there to be seen, and after they had fixed the "mash" and attended to a few details about valves and stop-cocks, the apartment was left in

charge of one of the men, and we returned to the front room to eat some sausages which Frochard had been cooking and upon which she staked her reputation. I liked the sausages very well; they seemed to suit the occasion, to fall in with the idea of smuggling, and all that. The "Pirates of Penzance" were nowhere in wickedness to us then.

"Mina, tell the gentlemen how you threw the gauger and saved the 'still' that night."

"You know I never tell that story," said the handsome woman, with a bit of red burning through the brown of her cheek, "and you shouldn't ask me."

"Then I'll tell it," said a good-looking young man in the group, as he knocked the ashes from his pipe, "for I was the gauger, and she, God willing, is soon to be the gauger's wife." This gentleman had made his appearance with the sausages.

Mina made an effort to escape, but her mother barred the way. So she went behind the bar and a German newspaper.

"It was about a year ago," the young man began. "I was in the employ of the government simply as a gauger, at so much a day, but was sometimes detailed on special duty like hunting out illicit stills. I broke two up in East New York and then heard of this one. Not being sure of my game I thought I would prospect first. I could at least destroy the apparatus, if any were discovered, and get the authority afterwards."

"It happened that I came in here when Mina was all alone. The old gentleman, his wife, and the boys, suspecting nothing, had gone to a dance over in Guttenberg."

"Nein! nein!" came from the old lady, "et vos a funeral."

"Well, they were away, having some kind of a time, and the girl was alone. The still had just been put in, and represented the small fortune of the family. I did not know that then."

"She came to meet me and asked me what I wanted."

"What have you got?" I replied.

"Beer—weiss beer—mineral water."

"No whisky?"

"No."

"None in that room there?" and I started up to go into the still. She barred the way quick as lightning, and I noticed then that she was dressed as a man, with a pair of blue overalls stuffed into heavy boots. A long apron had concealed that fact before. She untied it and threw it away.

"My suspicions were confirmed at once, and I resolved to go in. Taking out my match safe I struck a light, and advanced to the door, warning her away, telling her it was foolish for a woman to oppose me; that I was an agent of the government and was in the legitimate discharge of my duties. My duty to-night was to destroy the still and worm."

"All the answer she made was to blow the match out and close with me. When I found that I had to use force I found that I couldn't. She had me like a cobra at capello. Of course I did not attempt any blows, and I doubt if they would have been very dangerous ones had I been ruffian enough to resort to such warfare. It became a fair wrestling match, and, although I was something of an athlete, I use no exaggeration when I tell you that by the use of some mysterious twist or lock known to her I was thrown clear over her head and landed partially on my own, remaining stunned upon the sanded floor for some time. When I came to, she was bathing my head with all the tenderness of an angel."

"It is needless to state that I didn't break the still up that night. I made a report, freeing them from suspicion, but stated that I would keep my eye upon the family."

"And in order to do it all right," said the old man, "he's going to join dot same family. Ain't it so, Mina?" But no response. Only a rustle from the German newspaper.

"Your introduction was certainly very classic," I remarked to the young gauger, as I shook his hand on leaving.

"How so?"

"It was Græco-Roman style."

He laughed and disappeared in the saloon.

My artistic companion was glum, and I tried to cheer him up. You see another ideal had been snatched. Finally he grunted out:

"I say, what *thromes* of agony those lovers had!"

"You are right; when are they to be married?"

"In the fall, of course."

SEASONING.

QUIET and modest girls who desire to keep their pastors at a distance are now chewing onions once a day. —*Hartford Sunday News.*

An ordinary woman's waist is thirty inches around. An ordinary man's arm is about thirty inches long. How admirable are thy works, O nature!

A LOUISVILLIAN made a resolve to name a dog after the first policeman that he saw in the neighborhood. The dog is now sixteen months old and nameless.

NOTHING so aggravates a New Yorker as to have a chambermaid flirt with him from a sixth-story window of a hotel which he dare not enter because of an old board bill.

We are in receipt of a song entitled "Will My Darling Come Again?" Without knowing the exact circumstances of the case, we should say that he probably will, in case you can get the old man to tie up the dog.

Two sisters of Glasgow got mad at a plumber and threw him out of a fifth story window. But he got even with the sisters. He charged them double time from the minute he left the window until he struck the sidewalk.

A MICHIGAN man named Maginley has lost his parrot, and is almost crazy about it. Not that he cared so much about the bird, but it had got the habit of saying, "Old Maginley's drunk again," from hearing his mistress say it, and he's afraid somebody'll find the bird.

A VERMONT sexton being told that a young lady of nineteen was dead, thought that it was her grandmother, aged ninety-eight, for whom the young lady was named, that was deceased, and tolled the age of the dead as ninety-eight, and then it turned out that the young lady was only in a trance, and when she came out of it and found that her age had been tolled as so very great, she made her big brothers take pitch-forks and the dog and chase the sexton three miles across a stumpy country.

A MARYLAND schoolmaster told a refractory girl that unless she wrote a composition he would punish her. She appeared with two big brothers. The pedagogue laid a revolver on the desk and called for the screed. It took her about ten minutes to indite the sentiment, "There are various kinds of big brothers. Some would stand up for a sister under any circumstances, but there are some lily-livered, flat-sided mungrels, who air a cross between a Gibraltar jackass and a Maltese Jew, who would sit around like a fat hole, while a red-headed, cross-eyed slab of unrespectful poverty wanders around with a borrowed pop, and make their poor sister paw around for the materials for a composition."

SPORTING AND DRAMATIC.

AL. SMITH, of Chicago, lost \$5,000 on Slosson at Paris.

P. LORILLARD won \$50,000 on Wallenstein's victory in England.

SHAEER now intends to challenge Vignoux to play for \$2,500 a side.

ROWELL agrees to make a match with either Hart or Dobier, for \$10,000 a side.

ST. JULIAN will come east about the 1st of May, making his first stop at Chicago.

FRANK HART, the colored Boston pedestrian, is worth \$27,000. He made it all with his legs.

McMAHON has challenged William Muldoon, who recently wrestled seven hours with William Miller, to wrestle.

VERTIGO broke Weston down at San Francisco in an attempt to walk 540 miles in 142 hours. Weston's score was 365 miles.

W. PHILLIPS won the one hundred-mile bicycle race for the championship of England, beating all the cracks. Time, 3h. 55m. 22s.

H. JEFFERY, who rode Parole in the race for the Liverpool spring cup, will ride for Mr. Lorillard all through the racing season in England.

BOYD, the diver, of whom a portrait was published in the GAZETTE recently, has made another dive at Mumfordsville, Ky., this time the distance being 150 feet.

"OLD SPORT" CAMPANA was fleeced of a large sum of money in New York, Friday, by a gang of banco steers. The money was the stakes of a match to come off.

THE Worcester (Mass.) Bicycle Club is doing some good riding. Five members a few days ago rode from that city to Westboro, twelve miles, in two and a quarter hours.

SEEKING Vanderbilt's statement that no trotter could go 300 miles in three days, C. Lossie, of St. Hyacinth, Canada, has offered to bet \$1,000 that he has a horse which can do it.

THE adding of the extra stake—the Citizen's Plate—to the St. Louis Jockey Club programme bids fair to bring the best horses in the South and Southwest into the races. The racing generally promises to be more exciting than it was last year.

It was at the opera house. The performance was about to begin, when two strangers looked all around and said: "Bill, where is the dress circle?" Bill glanced up toward the third gallery and replied: "I reckon it is up yonder. I see a fellow taking off his coat."

THE fifty-mile foot race between Bailey and Mason for Sir John Astley's £500 champion belt and £100, was run at Little Bridge Grounds, London, Eng. Bailey won easily, as Mason stopped at 41 miles, when he was one mile behind Bailey. The latter ran 42½ miles and stopped. Time, 5h. 14m. 22s.

D. E. ROSS has made arrangements with Amy Howard, Madame Tobias, Madame La Chapelle, and others to compete in the second contest for the Ross Belt, won by Miss Howard in New York last December. Cash prizes of \$1,000 to first, \$750 to second, \$500 to third, and \$250 to fourth are announced to be given.

DAN O'LEARY has deposited \$500 with Frank Quinn and issued a challenge for a match with Hart and Dobier to any two men in England for from \$10,000 to \$20,000 a side, the walk to be in New York three months from the signing of the articles, the agreement and challenge to remain open two months from April 13.

THE steam yacht Lookout was sold under the hammer at Baltimore, Monday, for about \$10,000. She was purchased several years ago from Pierre Lorillard by the State of Maryland, and has been used by the Fishery Commission on the Chesapeake. Mr. P. B. Young, of Georgia, was the purchaser at Monday's sale.

THE second shooting match between the young Missourian, Fred Erb, Jr., and the champion, Captain Bogardus, will take place in St. Louis in the last week of this month. The match is for \$1,000, with 100 birds each, at thirty yards rise. Erb won the first match, in which, however, the Captain was handicapped three yards.

Vignoux beat Slosson at billiards in Paris last week. The match was 4,000 points, 800 a night. Vignoux beat Slosson 882 points. Vignoux made 1,531 points in an inning. Slosson not playing at all the third night. The last day of the match Slosson made 1,103 points in one inning, but it was too late. The prospects are good for another fight.

LOTTIE has declined an offer of an engagement in London this summer. For years past she and Maggie Mitchell have been receiving offers from London managers; but, as the latter says: "What is the use of my going, I don't need the prestige in case of success; failure would annoy me, and under any circumstances, the money they offer is nothing."

THE Pollywog Boat Club, of Philadelphia, had an entertainment a few nights ago which was interfered with by a gang of ruffians. The matter was compromised by one of the club agreeing to fight the best man in the attacking party the next day according to ring rules. The battle had waged nearly half an hour without result when a cry of police dispersed the parties.

It is now a fixed fact that 1890 will be made famous by an international rifle match, between Ireland and America, for the championship of the world. The challenge from the Irish Rifle Team has been accepted, and the conditions proposed agreed to by the National Rifle Association, and Ireland and America will again meet in friendly contest before the long range butts at Dollymount.

THE second race in Haverly's grand series of athletic and pedestrian enterprises is announced for Philadelphia, and will commence in the Industrial Art Hall on the 26th of April. The prizes, as in the Providence event, consist of purses in gold coin and a valuable gold watch. The entries must be made with F. J. Englehardt, Providence, R. I., and will close on Saturday, the 17th inst.

QUITE a number of actors and actresses well known in the states now occupy prominent positions on the London stage. Of these, Bella Pateman is at the Adelphi, Linda Ward at the Prince of Wales's; J. S. Clarke at the Olympic, Charles Coghlan and Arthur Dacie at the Court, J. L. Toole at the Folly and Charles Wyndham, who played at Wallack's thirteen years ago is manager of the Criterion.

MISS BELLE COOK, of Mountain View, Santa Clara county, Cal., well known throughout the Pacific Coast as an equestrienne, publishes a challenge to ride a twenty-mile race with any lady in the United States, for \$1,000 or \$3,000 a side, carrying equal weights and changing horses at pleasure, other details to be mutually arranged. Miss Cook will be liberally backed by her Californian friends, in the event of acceptance of the challenge.

ONE of the latest novelties in the pharmaceutical art is the new preparation, "Seedtime," prepared by the well-known chemists Dundas Dick & Co., New York. It is a Seidlitz powder of full strength, put up in portable wooden boxes, delightfully flavored and as pleasant and refreshing as lemonade. Being sold at the regular five cent price, they will undoubtedly rapidly supersede the old kind, which are to most people so disagreeable to take.

ON Sunday, April 4, a wrestling match between Andre Christol and Policeman Cuddy, for the alleged sum of \$400 a side, best two in three falls, Græco-Roman, collar-and-elbow and catch-as-catch-can styles, mixed, took place at the Grand Central Theatre, Leadville, Col. The people left in disgust, Christol gaining the first fall, Cuddy the second, and then Christol failed to come to time for the last bout, it being announced that he got hurt, but the people had doubts about its being a square match.

TORONTO, Ontario, April 19.—Mr. Soule, at present here, says that only Hanlan and Courtney will take part in the boat race next month at Washington. He also says that all matters are arranged for the race; that the money is in Mr. Blaikie's hands, to be paid to the winner of the race; that there is no prospect of the race taking place anywhere else, and that he is glad that the money is out of his hands at last. The course on the Potomac will be directly in front of the White House, and will be curved a quarter of a circle—each man to row in his own water.

In the long range shooting by the Columbia Rifle Association, of Washington, D. C., on the 10th instant, Col. J. O. P. Burnside scored 211 out of a possible 225; Dr. S. I. Scott, 206, and Charles H. Laird, 201. The club has concluded that it can send one man in the proposed team from this country invited to contest with the Irish Rifle Association at Dollymount. This man will be the one having the best average score in five individual subscription matches at long range, beginning Saturday, the 17th instant, and to be shot on each succeeding Saturday, to include May 15.

OLIVE LOGAN advises American actors to keep away from England. She writes to a paper: "As an actor, who had received his \$300 a week salary in New York, said to me last winter in London, where he was doing 'jobs' at acting at a couple of pounds a week or so, 'If you ask one of the actresses of the company to go take supper with you, after the performance in New York, you take her to Delmonico's, and your bill is \$50; here you ask her to go to your lodgings and give her a bit of cold steak and send the slavey out for a pot of beer, and she is quite satisfied. Those who really make money here are the managers—that is, when they do not lose fearfully.'"

In a well-written book on "The Racehorse in Training," Mr. Day, a well-known English trainer, compares the jockey of the past and present. He thinks boy jockeys an evil. They can't guide their horses, and they get spoiled by petting and lavish presents. Jockeys in the good old days were very thankful for small favors. After winning the two thousand guineas, the one thousand guineas, and the Newmarket stakes for the Duke of Grafton, the unfortunate jockey was requested to attend at the lodgings of the Duke's brother, Lord G. Fitzroy, who, after a speech of half an hour, handed him a purse, saying: "In the Duke's name, and for him, I present you with two new five-pound notes on the Bury Bank, and I beg you will take care of them. But then such jockeys saddled their own horses, and didn't drive up to the course dressed in the height of fashion, as do jockeys now-a-days."

THE fifth and final deposit of \$250 each in the Goss-Ryan fight for the heavy weight championship of America was made at the place of business of William Tracey, West Twenty-ninth street, on Monday evening, April 18. A large gathering of sporting men was present to witness the posting and to take a good look at the principals, who have been in active training for several weeks. Goss has been taking his breathings at Fort Hamilton, while Ryan at Far Rockaway has attended to the business in hand in such a manner as to please those behind him. Both men look well, Goss having the appearance of a well-to-do farmer, and Ryan, in his staid proportions, something like a Maine lumberman. After the money had been duly posted in the hands of the *Copper* representative, the temporary stakeholder, the choosing of a permanent stakeholder was in order. A few minutes sufficed to find a party satisfactory to both sides in the person of Mr. Charles Johnson, of Brooklyn. Tossing for choice of battle ground followed, when Ryan's representative won. The Goss party will be notified of the location of the battle ground ten days before the date of fighting, which will be May 8, as the match is made to come off on May 18. An effort was made by the Goss party, during the negotiations, to have both this end the Donovan-Rooke fight, for the light weight championship, take place on the same day and in the same ring, but the Ryan folks would not agree to the change, so the battles may be expected to occur as originally agreed upon, viz.: Donovan and Rooke, May 11; Goss and Ryan, May 18.

ON Wednesday, March 31, a determined encounter was brought off in the immediate vicinity of Birmingham, Eng., by two promising boxers, named Hammer "Lake" and Michael Cassity. With the exception of one or two minor events, neither of them had taken part in any previous engagement, but they were so evenly "pitted" as regards weight and height that a considerable amount of speculation took place over the result. Cassity, who scaled 122 pounds to his opponent's 116 pounds, being made a slight favorite. It was arranged that they should meet at Yardley, where a ring was formed and three uneventful rounds were fought. At this juncture a number of police put in an appearance, and the referee ordered the men to make the best of their way to a place which has been the scene of many a hard-fought battle, and which is known as the Beggar's Bush. A ring was quickly formed, and in the pelting rain the combatants again stood up. They indulged in a few harmless pats before either did anything effective, Cassity at last getting home heavily on the right eye. Late, on recovering himself, landed a heavy body-blow, but in return got knocked clean off his legs. In the second round Cassity again had the best of it, his most important visitation being a tremendous right-hander on the breast. The third bout showed some heavy slogging on both sides, Lake punishing the body and Michael the face; but the latter brought down his adversary with a well-directed shot on the damaged optic. A temporary change in the aspect of affairs was now effected, as Lake finished up the fourth and fifth rounds by flooring the Irishman with a couple of body-blows. After this, however, Mike had matters pretty well his own way, and when an hour and ten minutes had expired Hammer's friends were compelled to throw up the sponge in view of defeat, thirty-two rounds having then been fought. Both Lake's eyes were closed up, while other parts of his face showed clear signs of Michael's handiwork. The winner was not much hurt, with the exception of a slightly bruised side. The style and pluck of the fight bids fair to rival any of our light-weights'. The fight was kept exceedingly quiet, and the spectators present used every endeavor to preserve order.

FACTS AND FANCIES.

The Glory of Custer City, Texas,
Hath Faded Away, Yea,
Verily.

HOW JOHN GOT A "SQUARE."

The Advantages of Milwaukee Ex-
plained to Those Who Contem-
plate Elopement.

WHAT SORTER SAMPLE DID YOU GET.

ONE of the most remarkable things noticeable in social life is the unanimity with which people shake their relatives. Recently a gentleman arrived in Carson with a letter of introduction to one of the leading citizens from the citizen's uncle. After the Carsonite read the letter he remarked:

"Glad to see you, sir. Glad to see anybody who knows my uncle in Cleveland. How are all the folks?"

"Splendid. I spent six weeks there last fall, and I really don't think I ever met such a fine family of genial, hospitable and cultivated people."

"Yes?"

"Yes, indeed; I never spent a pleasanter time in my life. Your relatives are indeed the—"

"Well, young man, if my relatives are such fine people they must have changed like thunder since I lived with them. I lived there a year, and I think they are the worst pelicans in the deck. I wouldn't spend a month with the crowd for the whole town of Cleveland."

"Indeed," said the other. "Well, since you've been so candid about it I might as well remark right here that your uncle and his whole blasted family are the toughest collection of old fossils I ever had the misfortune to be steered up against."

"Put it there, young man; you show good sense. Let's go out and take something."

In a few moments more the two men were pledging perdition to the Cleveland relatives over a foaming schooner of Carson beer.

THE Milwaukee Sam thus describes the advantages of that city as a refuge for young couples who fly from home for matrimonial purposes:

If young people will elope, and there seems to be no help for it, we would call their attention to Milwaukee as holding out unusual inducements for business in that line. There are two railroads running to this place from Chicago, and every conductor will do all in his power to keep eloping parties out of sight, and if telegraphed to, inquiring if such a party is on board, the conductors will immediately send back word that no such person is on the train, but he saw people answering to the description board a Rock Island train just before he left Chicago. That settles it, and they go to Milwaukee unmolested. Then when they arrive here the hotel men, while they may "smell wood burning," look as solemn as deacons, and never give elopers away. If a father should come charging into a hotel and ask for his daughter, a clerk would ask him to go out riding, telling him he would trace the girl to her lair, and when he got the father about six miles into the country the clerk would ask him to get out and buckle a strap on the harness, and would then drive off and leave him, and hurry back to town and give the alarm to the elopers, and before the old man could "hoof it" into town the parties could be married and on the way to glory. The residences of our ministers are connected with the hotels by telephone, and the ministers are on draught at all times, day and night, sleeping with their clothes on ready to jump out at a moment's notice and tie a knot on the most reasonable terms, and guarantee satisfaction. Everything is just as complete as it can be, and if young people know their business they will never go anywhere else.

It is moonlight on the hill. From out the trees a gentle zephyr creeps to rob the hyacinth of its perfumed breath, and adown the garden walk the whip-poor-will lends his monotone of sadness unto the balmy night. Sleep, with brooding wings, sits silent o'er the scene. But hark! it is the tinkling guitar strummed by the lonely Augustus. He comes. Beneath the vine-clad window in the ghostly gloaming he pauses, and up the flower-trailled wall he shoots a melancholy tenor fraught with the passionate inquiry, "Must I leave thee here alone?" No answer returns except the haunting echo and the low clicking of a distant door. The scene changes. It is the back yard tableau: A white-robed old man bends above a chained dog and soothes his too eager spirit as he loosens the collar. A low voice says "S-c-e-e-ck him, Bui—take a short cut around the rosebush." A flash—and the old man is alone. The clatter of a fallen guitar comes from the front; a sound like the rush of a steep cliff—near the hedge is borne back, and neck-and-neck two figures cross the picket fence to disappear down the dim perspective of the deserted street. Then the old man comes. Bull as he turns on the outer walk, and removes in a disgraced manner a dark object from his foaming mouth, while the animal retires to his kennel in silence. The door opens and shuts upon the white-robed form, and all is still again. But as he gets in bed and shoves the old lady out of the warm place, he mutters: "Bull is getting old, an' serenades don't pay divyends like they used to, but if the business keeps up I think you will be just in it startin' another patch-work quilt, Maria. That old fellow left real cassumer." "What sorter sample did you get?" "Tolerable fair. There was a long strip with a pistol pocket hangin' to it, and one gallus button."

THE MOCKING-BIRD AND THE PARROT.—This is the story of several journalists. The fellow in Florida used to be a child in Jacksonville was in the habit of playing on a piazza of her father's house. Near by a mockingbird had a nest in the orange trees, and sang beautifully, and the little child would throw crumbs to the bird daily. One day the child was taken sick, and the bird was taken in the anxiety for the sick one, and not minding all was done that could be done. The child died. While the child's body was lying in the coffin the bird was seen to perch upon the slat of the window-blind, pour forth one of its most thrilling songs, and then flit away. Some hours after this the body of the little bird was found dead upon the floor of the piazza, and was placed upon the coffin of the little friend, and interred in the same grave.

It is a very pretty story. It reminds us of another: In the forks of a sycamore tree, near a summer-house that was painted green, and which had a door on it with a lock, a parrot built her nest. In the mansion hard by lived the most adorable girl that ever attended a strawberry festival or read Tennyson. O, she was a stunner; so voluptuous and so lippy. She had a lover. Often he came, and the parrot wasn't large enough to hold them. So they adjourned to the summer-house and cooed. Well, the parrot heard it all, and when Heiphatus—that was his name—said to Alecanonotus—that was she—"Let's fly to-morrow: meet me in the lane by the slippery elm," she drew her eyelashes over his shoulder, and told him to rely on her. The parrot gave her dead away, for she—the parrot—told it to the father of the girl. They never met again; that is, the girl and Heiphatus. And when they buried him, after the inquest, the parrot joined the procession; and now she lays her eggs in the shot-gun; but the girl doesn't know why. But the old man does, and so does the parrot.

A FADED TOWN.—Travelers who have lately returned from Custer City, Texas, assert that the glory of the place has forever departed. In these days when a stranger in buckskin, loaded down with knives and revolvers, enters the town and yells out that he is the great Rocky Mountain Ixex and spoiling to shed gore, no one gives him a second look. If he jumps into a saloon and slams down a buckskin bag full of dust and calls for the drinks for the crowd the saloonist won't touch a decanter until he gets the bag to see if it isn't filled with brick dust. There was a time when a man could stand on the public square and hanker for a good old-fashioned rough-and-tumble fight and get it before he could flop his arms and crow twice, but that time has fled. He can stand there and hanker, and crow, and flop, and the old residents will laugh in contempt and ask him why he doesn't start a taffy factory in Custer.

There is no fun there any more. When a man jumps into a hotel dining-room with a bowie knife in his teeth and a revolver in each hand, he can't hit anybody if he shoots, and as soon as he begins shooting, the guest nearest him rises up and then knocks him down with a piece of cranberry pie, or hits him in the eye with a boiled potato. It used to be great sport for Wild Bills to ride into town on a mule and shoot and yell and whoop and slash until everybody was driven in doors, but it is not done any more. The last one who tried it was knocked off his mule with a quart can of tomatoes and taken before the court, when his honor said:

"Thoughtless and giddy boy, you probably didn't mean any harm, but a feller who can't even wound a cross-eyed dog in firing twenty-four shots into a crowd shouldn't be seen in Custer City. The sentence of this court is that you have your hair cut, your leggings ripped off, and then be kicked out of this city, never to return under penalty of having your ears cropped."

Men used to go toiling up and down the main street picking their teeth with a huge knife and asking where the graveyard was, but even this game of bluff was cut short last fall when the constables attached the tooth-picks for debt and chucked the pickers into the basement lock-up on suspicion that they were looking around to steal old axes and buck-saws. Hardly a month ago the "Great Tornado of the Plains" was knocked down with an ax-handle and run in and fined \$25, because he stood on a barrel and yelled for some one to tread on his liver pad, and thereby disturbed four men who were in a house near by reading tracts.

JOHN FORRESTER was very correctly named, for, until a few days ago, he had spent his life in the woods. Several days ago he threw aside his maul, came to this city, and now handles the somewhat lighter rock hammer. The story of John's downfall shall be briefly related. Shortly after arriving in the city he was attracted by a sign bearing the inscription, "Meals at All Hours." Entering the place and meeting the proprietor, he said:

"You keep a tavern here, don't you?"

"No; I keep a restaurant."

"I don't know much about your new names; but you feed folks here, don't you?"

"Yes, sir."

"Well, I want to board here three days, or until I get a job of some kind. I see your sign says 'meals at all hours.' You don't mean that, do you?"

"Certainly I mean it. I'll board you three days for \$3."

"And give me my meals at all hours?"

"Yes, sir."

"Here, take the \$3. I never set myself up as a regular eater, but I'll buck again for the next three days. I think that I can stand her about that long. It's 11 o'clock. Give me something to eat."

A meal was brought out and quickly dispatched; and remarking that he would be back on time, Mr. Forrester left.

At 12 o'clock he came back and ate again. "You needn't stare at me," he said to one of the waiters.

"You are a regular boarder, are you?"

"The regularist one you've got. I don't intend to miss a meal. I've got a chance now to get even for bein' hungry many a time."

At 1 o'clock John came back and remarked, as he hung up his hat, "I'm on time. It's 1 o'clock. Fetch me authin' to eat." The waiter went away muttering, and brought in a rather slim meal.

"Look a here," said John, "don't try to go back on your contract. I reckon you did rather understate my ability, but I'm a man."

At 2 o'clock John came back and took a seat. The proprietor came in and asked him what he wanted.

"I want my dinner, supper or breakfast, just what you are a mind to call it."

"You have already eaten here three times to-day."

"I know that."

"Why do you come again?"

"Because it's 2 o'clock."

"It's not supper time."

"No, but it's 2 o'clock time."

"I don't understand you, sir. What do you mean?"

"Your understanding may have been injured by my surprising ability. I came here with the understanding that I was to have my meals at all hours."

"The contract has been adhered to; you have come irregularly."

"No, sir; I've come here regular; it was the agreement that I was to have a meal every hour, and I'm going to stand up to it if it packs my stomach as tight as a green watermelon. You're trying to impose on me because I'm from the country. I have made arrangements with a boy to wake me up every hour to-night, and I'm comin' here to eat. That's my business now, and I'll act

fair with you and eat every time. Give me an oyster can of coffee and some sausage."

The proprietor handed the man \$3 and requested him to leave. A fight ensued, and John was led away by the police. When he completes his rock pile engagement he will sue the restaurant for damages.

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